

AUGUST 15¢

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Tops with Teens!

A Novelette Complete
In This Issue

YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE

By EDNA FERBER

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FASHIONS

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HAIR-DO YOURSELF

TEN DATING DON'TS

HOW TO OVERCOME
YOUR SHYNESS



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- ☐ Sharp chatter
- ☐ Samba know-how
- ☐ That starry-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, as well, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Your secret weapon against secret woes!



If delayed beyond your deadline—

- ☐ Bunk at Katie's house
- ☐ Call the family
- ☐ Head home without 'phoning

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you cringe before a 'phone booth? Dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save yourself, at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- ☐ Fair play
- ☐ All's fair in love
- ☐ Leave the field to Sue

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snareable . . . even if the pressure's terrific . . . don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-

softness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! Did you know? Or have you already discovered this new, softer napkin? (Poise, also, comes in the package labelled Kotex!)



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose **KOTEX**^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins



3 guesses
what girls
forget most

- ☐ Keep your skin well scrubbed
- ☐ Brush your teeth twice daily
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt

That pearly smile and peachy complexion prove you give 'em the brushwork—faithfully. Yet, how's your memory for another important "must" . . . that new sanitary belt you meant to buy? Most girls keep forgetting; keep putting it off till "next time." But to get all the comfort Kotex gives, buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt right now!

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navy on powder, dark brown on camel.

2. Hers about \$7.95 • His about \$8.95
white with red and navy, navy with red and white.

All Her sizes—32 to 40 • All His sizes—small, medium, large



It's no Picnic if you don't Click!★

All prettied-up in your crispy cotton—you were set for a bang-up time. Well, Honey, the time has arrived—but *you* don't seem to be having it!

Did you forget that your bath only washed away *past* perspiration—that underarms need special protection against risk of future odor?

Mum gives safer, surer protection all

day or all evening. Yes, safer for charm. Safer for skin...for clothes. Mum contains no harsh, irritating ingredients. It's a real smoothie, this gentle, snow-white deodorant cream.

And creamy Mum is thrifty—lasts longer because there's no waste, no drying out in the jar. So catch on, and catch up with Mum today!

★ What makes a girl click?

Send today for "Click with the Crowd," a charm-wise little leaflet. It's for free—and so-o-o revealing. You'll see how much when you score yourself on the "click-ability" check sheet. Good luck!

You know, of course, how vital it is to keep your smile dazzling as can be. And no nice girl *ever* needs to be reminded that underarm odor does not go with the New Look!

For free leaflet, send postcard to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. CA-88, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

be a safety-first girl with **Mum**



Products of Bristol-Myers

TEEN COMER

Sybil Morrison

In a tower on a lonely mountain this girl lookout is on the alert for danger to the forests

by MURRELLE MARONEY

Photographs Courtesy of Western Ways



By using her modern Fire Finder, Sybil can quickly get a "fix" on a blaze and direct the fire fighters to the danger area.

At Lincoln Ranger Station, in Helena National Forest, Montana, the wall phone jangles repeatedly. Mitch, the assistant ranger, picks up the receiver.

"Lincoln Ranger Station."

"Dalton Lookout calling. Smoke rising from Lincoln Gulch. Wind direction south southeast."

Mitch asks questions, and the voice that gives the answers is a young, feminine one. It belongs to Sybil Morrison, of East Helena, Montana, not yet out of her teens. She's a forest lookout, stationed on the highest peak in the mountains.

Accurately, efficiently, she gives weather information, visibility and fire location to aid the fire-fighting crew. If the blaze is accessible, they may reach it and put it out in a matter of minutes. If it's in rough back country with no roads or trails near, the men may need tools for hacking away underbrush, as well as fire-resistant clothing and fire-fighting equipment to stop the spread of the flames. Such fires sometimes take hours or even days to control, and food and supplies must be packed in. The information supplied by the lookout is vital.

For three summers, Sybil has held down this responsible, man-sized job. To many people, life on an isolated mountain peak would seem lonely, and even frightening, when winds roar and electric storms flash around the tower. But to Sybil it is the most stimulating and wonderful job in the world.

From July to the middle of September, she puts in long, busy days in the glass house on Dalton Lookout, elevation about

6500 feet. Within her range of vision are the forest-covered slopes and ravines of the mountains. From the house a narrow road winds down and out of sight. It is about 20 miles to Lincoln, the nearest town.

During the summer and into the fall, Sybil and her mother, Mrs. Rosabel Morrison, seldom see the bright lights, and days pass when they don't see another human being. Last summer, Mrs. Morrison made one trip to town, but Sybil never left the mountain. She is official lookout for five days a week, and her mother is on duty the other two days.

Although the job calls for an eight-hour day, Sybil keeps her weather eye open almost constantly from about six A.M. till nine P.M.

"I like to be up early," she says. "Sunrise is lovely in the mountains."

At 8:00 A.M., when her day officially begins, she makes a test call to the Ranger Station. She reports any rain, smoke or lightning, and now and then a social item, such as visitors to the station.

Breakfast is at 9:30; then Sybil makes a routine check of the area, and at 10:30 hikes down to the patrol point to check on Madison Gulch, not visible from the lookout. When she returns, dinner is ready. Morrison meals, never humdrum, show skill and imagination. With no grocery store near, careful planning and buying is necessary. Sybil's future husband will find that she can prepare a tasty meal by experimenting with ingredients on hand. A favorite is a casserole dish of tuna, macaroni, and mushroom soup, baked with a brown cheese crust. Wild



Sybil has become so sharp at sleuthing she even points out a far-off sign of weather change to the Chief Ranger.

mountain berries provide fresh pies.

It's a red-letter day when Mitch arrives with groceries, water for the tanks, and best of all, mail. Letters are read and re-read, and quickly answered.

For pastime, both Mrs. Morrison and Sybil enjoy reading and listening to the radio.

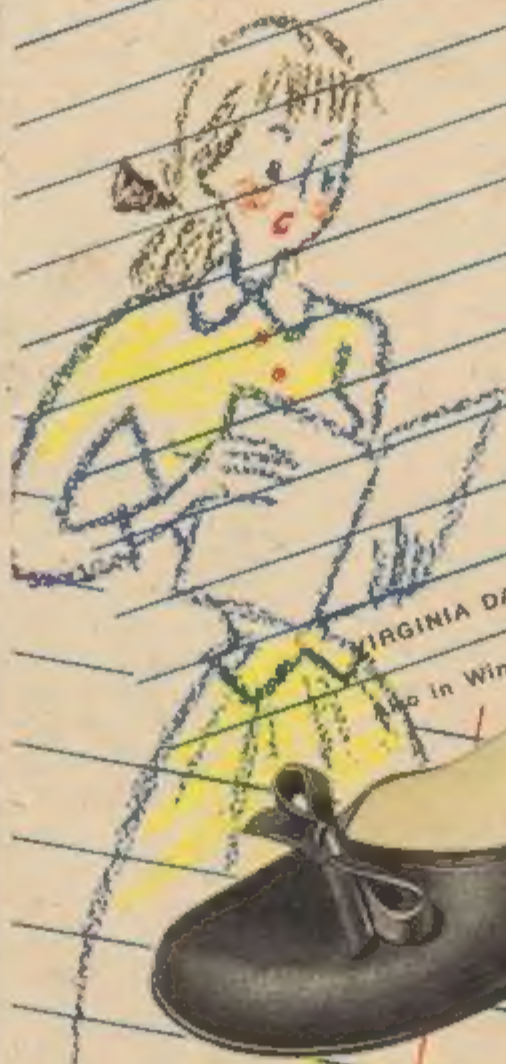
During the winters, Sybil is studying at Walla Walla, Washington, to become a teacher. The money she earns as lookout comes in handy toward her education. In addition, Sybil gets a big satisfaction out of helping to protect the forest, which she feels has much to offer. The mountains, the trees, the rivers, the wild life are all part of the forest's enchantment, which makes constant association with cities and people unnecessary.

the world
at your feet

...and what
pretty feet

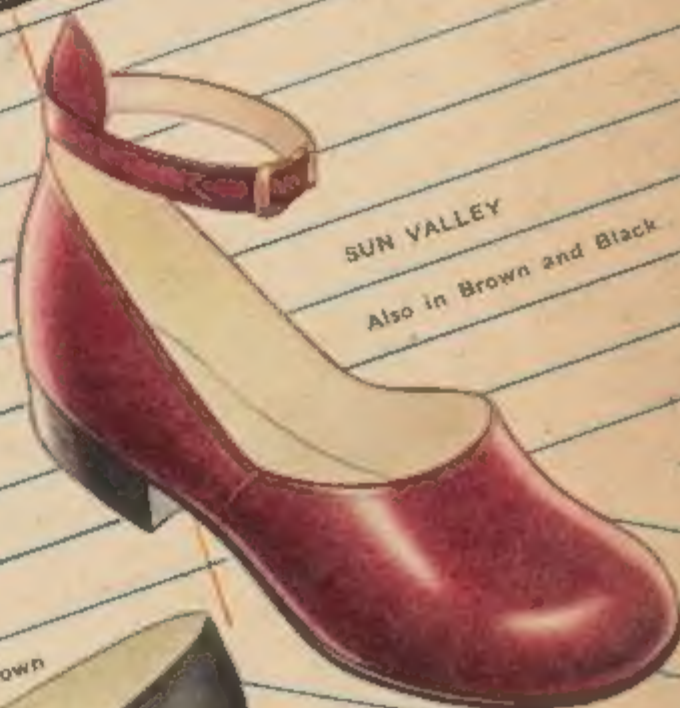


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.....
This is your **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, so
let us know what you like or dislike and
what you would like to see in future issues.
We'll print as many of your letters as
there's space for. Address *From You to Us*
Editor, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 260 Fourth
Ave., New York 10, New York.
.....

"WAVERLY" RATED RAVES

... The author of "Waverly" knows how
to write about girls and their problems. I'm
just hoping you will keep this lovely addition
up.

N. P., Beachwood, N. J.

... Definitely like the idea of the con-
densed novel. Let's see it more often.

S. G., New York, N. Y.

"Waverly," by Amelia Elizabeth Walden,
was the most wonderful story that I have
ever read. My crowd all agree. Give us more
of these condensed novels. We love them!

S. B., Enterprise, Ala.

... I enjoyed your condensed novel more
than any other story I have ever read.

P. U., Roanoke, Va.

I enjoyed "Waverly" very much. I have
planned on going into nurses training and
have had some thoughts similar to those in
the story. It has helped me to realize the
importance of group living.

A. M., New Philadelphia, O.

All of you were so enthusiastic about the
novel "Waverly"—judging from the flood of
mail we received—that we're running a short
story by Amelia Elizabeth Walden called
"It Was Love" in the September issue.

KINER'S TOPS, TOO

"Slightly Glamorous" in the May issue
made a serious mistake. I only hope it was
not purposely done. You stated that Johnny
Mize of the New York Giants had fifty-one
home runs in the 1947 season. So what! So
did Ralph Kiner of the Pittsburgh Pirates.
Kiner tied Mize in the National League!

B. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Did my blood boil! In reading the story
"Slightly Glamorous," I became highly ex-
cited when I came to the part about baseball
(my favorite sport). However, there were
two sentences that got up my ire. I agree
that last year Johnny Mize of the New York
Giants hit fifty-one home runs. I also agree
that Babe Ruth, Jimmy Foxx, Hack Wilson



and Hank Greenberg have all hit about fifty. But—what about Ralph "Socks" Kiner, the pride of Pittsburgh and the Pittsburgh Pirates? If you'll check your records you'll find that he, too, hit fifty-one homers last season. We didn't think C.A.G. could make such a grave mistake. No, not even C.A.G. can do that to our Ralph.

M. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

You're quite right. Sorry, we didn't mean to slight Kiner.

APPRECIATION FROM A SENIOR

Congratulations on your story, "And Now Farewell" in the June issue. I, too, am a Senior, '48, and I've never read such a touching story about Seniors before. Our school doesn't hold graduation exercises until late June, but I've seen so many graduations that I know what it will be like and your story is so true to life.

J. M., Washington, D. C.

"And Now Farewell" was beautiful. As I read it I realized that Ellen was feeling the same emotions I had experienced at my graduation last year. Thank you for printing such a sympathetic and understanding story and helping me to relive that wonderful Senior Week.

E. L., Rockville, Conn.

AS YOU WROTE IT

Where do we send our manuscripts for the "As You Wrote It" page and what are the rules?

J. B., Chicago, Ill.

If possible, type your manuscripts double space, use regular 8½ by 11 paper, and put your name, address and age on the manuscript. When you send in your material, attach a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Address your manuscript to the "As You Wrote It" Editor, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, New York.

PRIZE WINNER

The essay, "What America Means To Me" by Barbara Flaherty, was beautiful and one of the finest I've ever read. No wonder it got the Quiz Kid prize. Thank you for publishing it.

M. G., New York, N. Y.

CUE TO COOKS

I'm glad you use recipes in your cooking
(Continued on page 86)

Forever Yours!



Your FIRST Gold Football!

The bracelet alone was exciting. But when your hero added that gold football, you almost touched heaven. And you promised to wear that "charm" forever—remember?



Your FIRST Long-Distance Call!

Imagine! He was calling all the way from camp! You wanted to be casual, but excitement caught in your voice. And long after the conversation was over—didn't your heart dance?

Your FIRST Cake of Camay!

Here's another memory that will be forever yours—your *first* cake of Camay! You'll discover how quickly Camay can help you to have a softer, clearer skin. So follow the lead of lovely Camay brides. Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. The wrapper tells you how to be lovelier.



MRS. JOSEPH E. BAUDO
of Forest Hills, N. Y., a recent Camay bride, says:

"My very *first* cake of Camay made my skin look smoother, feel softer. Just one cake seemed to bring my beauty to life!"



Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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BY

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Teen age crowds are buzzing
about wonderful Needlepoint®
hats! Made by Everitt in colors
to spice your every suit and
dress... plus that famous
Everitt fashion-fit to make
you look so lovely \$3.98
and completely right.



**Behind Tex Beneke
and his band
is an unusual story—
one of rare devotion**

by LEE MORSE, Record Editor

"If he should come back today, the band is here, waiting for him," says Tex Beneke of his late boss, Glenn Miller. "We never play anywhere without having his trombone with us, just in case."

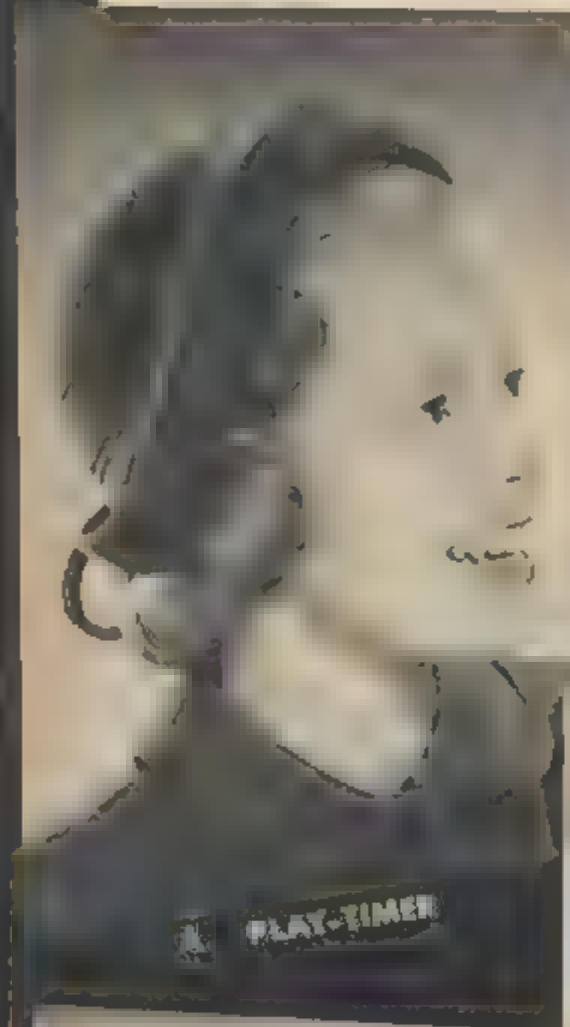
In December of 1945, a year after his disappearance in a flight from England to Paris, Major Glenn Miller was declared officially dead by the War Department. Mrs. Miller then asked Tex, Glenn's favorite tenor saxophone player and mainstay of his band, to take over as leader of the Miller group which had been organized as an Army Air Force unit. Today Tex has become one of the most popular of band leaders.

After two years, Tex is getting used to the life of a bandleader. He still hates living out of suitcases and hopes eventually to settle down on a ranch in Texas or California. He's really a home man at heart, what with his hobbies of photography and building radios. He has just built his own thirty-tube television set.

And does Tex love to fool with gadgets! Whenever one of the boys in the band has a camera, radio, waffle iron or outboard motor that's gone on the blink, he hands it to Tex. To give it to a repairman would hurt Tex's feelings. His wife is afraid her husband will be taking apart their new Cadillac convertible next.

Like the latest fountain pens, Tex does much of his work under water. He finds that a shower relaxes him and he can set a song more firmly in his mind. He never sings his old recorded songs in the shower because he gets tired of them after he's sung them a few dozen times. But he does croon his all-time favorite, Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade*.

Tex was born Gordon Leo Beneke in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1916. At nine he was fascinated by a tiny soprano saxophone in a music store window, when



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CAROLAN RED PATNER
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ROYAL BLUE NAVY
KELLY HONEY GREY

his parents bought it for him, they started him on a career. In high school Tex learned the tenor sax, the instrument he plays today. He played in school bands, at local dances, and had his first chance at the bigtime with a dance orchestra at the Pioneer Palace in Billy Rose's Texas Centennial in 1936. After the Centennial closed, Tex got a job in Detroit. There, Gene Krupa heard him and hired him. The following spring when Glenn Miller was organizing a band, he asked Krupa to recommend a sax player. Gene raved about Tex, and soon Tex was on the train for New York and his future destiny. Glenn and Tex became very close friends and played together until the war.

Today the Beneke orchestra is a smart, good-looking band, inspired not only by its past leader, but by its well-liked and easy-going present leader, Tex Beneke.



Tex prefers playing his tenor sax to singing, but can do either with ease.

I recommend to you . . .

A sure-fire tune by Eddy Howard (Majestic), *Put 'Em In A Box, Tie 'Em With A Ribbon* is one of the neatest ballads in a long while. Side B, *Dainty Brenda Lee*, is a sweet little tune, but an anti climax to the other side.

Mississippi Mud is a catchy revival by the popular Tommy Dorsey (RCA-Victor). *On The Painted Desert* is a tone poem sung by Audrey Young and given added appeal by the Teo Dee brasses.

Love of My Life vocalized by Andy Russell gives this Cole Porter song one of the best disc treatments to date. *Blue Shadows On The Trail* (Capitol) is from the Disney production "Melody Time." It's a plaintive western ballad.

This is a month for folk songs. First, an album called *American Folk Songs* (Capitol) sung by Jo Stafford. Another, an album of *Minstrel Songs of the U.S.A.* (Vox) sung by well-known Richard Dyer-Bennet. Next, an album called *Stormy Monday Blues* (RCA-Victor) by Earl Hines and his orchestra, featuring Billy Eckstine. It includes *Skylark*, *Water Boy*, *I Got It Bad* and *That Ain't Good*.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Jungle Rose and *I Wonder What's Become of Sally*—Herb Jeffries (Exclusive)

My Fair Lady and *Cincinnati*—Kay Kyser and his Orchestra (Columbia)

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warmth without weight!
washes like a stocking!
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• Leg o' Mutton sleeves, a rounded collar, and extra wide buckle belt over a voluminous skirt combine a past mood with up-to-the-minute freshness. Of washable Stevens box-loom gingham in gay plaids of Scotch extraction, in True Teen Sizes 8 to 16.

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ARE YOU A GOOD SISTER?

by JANET HALLIDAY ERVIN

This quiz for sisters

*may point the way to harmony
and better understanding*

by Janet Halliday Ervin

If you and your sister are best pals at home, at school, and even on dates, then obviously both of you have mastered the essentials of the Good Sister Policy, and this quiz is not for you.

But if you're sighing, "My sister and I just don't get along!" these questions may help you put your finger on the cause of those frequent bickerings.

The answer to each question should be Yes—but who's perfect? The No's will warn you where the trouble spots are, and maybe the two of you can work together at doing something about them.

For KID Sister

1. Do you respect your sister's very private property and never, never sneak looks at her letters?
2. Can she safely leave her diary unlocked, knowing you would never peek?
3. If the two of you share a room, do you keep your half neat and presentable so she needn't apologize to other girls for its appearance?
4. Do you always remember that what's hers is hers and never take anything from her bureau unless you have her permission?
5. If you have "borrowed" her perfume often, are you fair enough not to complain when she uses your nail polish?
6. Are you so considerate as to never beg to wear her favorite sweater or brand new raincoat?
7. If she is generous enough to lend you her clothes or jewelry, do you return them in good condition and not soiled, torn, or broken?
8. Do you compliment your sister on her appearance or accomplishments as often as you compliment your best friend?
9. Are you proud, rather than envious, of her achievements?
10. Are you big enough not to try to gain advantages over her with Mother and Dad because you're "the baby"?
11. Are you so loyal that you never would permit an outsider to make a slighting remark about your sister in your presence?
12. If you're present during conversations between her and her friends, do you keep their confidences secret and not repeat them to your pals for laughs?
13. Do you often confide your problems to her and, even though disagreeing with her advice, accept it thoughtfully and in good nature?
14. Do you stay right in bed where you belong instead of hanging out the window to witness her good nights?
15. Would you, if you met an attractive older boy, introduce him to your sister before any of the other girls?



For BIG Sister

1. If you share a room do you always remember that it is *her* room, too, and not hog most of the wardrobe, and wallspace?
2. Do you tactfully suggest ways in which your younger sister could improve her appearance rather than blurt out, "Everybody hates your hair that way!"?
3. Are you as punctual in repaying money you have borrowed from her as you are in repaying your other friends?
4. Are you careful not to plan too many early dates so that you can help with the dishes and she doesn't have to do her work and yours, too?
5. Do you refrain from trying to swing your parents' decisions by such statements as: "She's too young for black!" or "She should be in earlier than *that*!"?
6. Are you careful not to criticize or snub her friends simply because their personalities don't appeal to you?
7. If her crowd drops in for the evening do you pitch in and help with refreshments?
8. If they have important personal matters to discuss, do you retire graciously rather than stay and monopolize the conversation?
9. Are you friendly to her dates but not too friendly (and you know what we mean!)?
10. When she is faced with a long, dateless week end do you say, "Come on with us?"
11. Is it a point of honor with you never to make disparaging remarks about her to, or in front of, other persons?
12. Instead of running to Mama with tall-tales about your sister, do you talk to Sis herself and give her a chance to explain?
13. Do you encourage her to talk over her problems with you, and can you offer helpful advice without sounding bossy or "preachy"?
14. Do you appreciate the fact that she is an individual with her own tastes and may not be interested in following your footsteps, even if you are tennis champ?
15. Would you, if you met a cute younger boy, introduce him to your sister before any of the other girls?

S.T.T's.

wear PETITEENS

and so does

Miss Penny Pope

CALLING ALL GIRLS

S.T.T.' START

*S.T.T stands for "Smaller Than Teen" the title suggested by Miss Penny Pope in the recent CALLING ALL GIRLS contest to find a name for the many girls who are not quite teen size.



Take a bow Penny Pope for your bright S.T.T. idea and another bow too for showing how perfectly you SMALLER THAN TEEN* gals look in your wonder fitting PETITEENS Penny is wearing PETITEEN S double or nothing winner the gabardine blouse double buttoned the swngy corduroy skirt doubly good with jacket or other blouse Gray skirt with red green or gray skirt PETITEEN sizes 10 to 14A . under \$13.00

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TEEN MOVIE GUIDE

by **ELIZABETH NICHOLS**
Movie Editor



Easter Parade—Here is fresh, good-natured fun with features for every taste. There's a crowd of Irving Berlin melodies—old and new—to tempt your musical palate. Or you may rate the twinkling toes of that dancing marvel, Fred Astaire, as the film's top attraction. Perhaps it will be Judy Garland's effortless singing and clever clowning that are down your particular alley. And, for good measure, the gorgeously costumed production numbers should get some audience votes. As one expects in a musical, the plot is just to hang the trimmings on. It's a simple story of a hoofer whose partner walks out on him. So he selects an inexperienced chorus girl to team up with him, teaches her all the tricks of his trade, then happily marries her. The cast is full of nice people. Besides the lithe Mr. Astaire and the tuneful Miss Judy, there's Peter Lawford, attractive as ever, although he doesn't get the girl of his choice this time. Ann Miller, stunning in 1912 fashions, dances almost as expertly as the fleet-footed star. Jules Munshin, new to the screen, plays a brilliant comedy bit, and capable supporting players help out. You're sure to like this bright breezy mixture. (MGM)



Top Gun—This is the dramatic story of one family's revolt against the Confederacy. The Civil War makes a stirring background for a storm-tossed romance in which Susan Hayward and Van Heflin bravely rise above a lost cause. (U-I)



Escape—When Rex Harrison flees an unjust jail sentence, Peggy Cummins helps him escape a tense manhunt, but tries to persuade him to return to serve out his term so he will be free to start a new life of which she hopes to be a part. (Fox)



Date With Judy—Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett bring radio's popular "Judy" and "Oogie" to the screen, with help from Elizabeth Taylor and Robert Stack. Xavier Cugat, Carmen Miranda, and Wallace Bery add gaiety. (MGM)



Key Largo—We like to think of gangsterism as a movie-made menace, but this film shows us these "I'm bigger-than-the-law" bullies as a real threat to democracy. Bogart and Bacall are both on the right side of the law this time. (Warners)



A Foreign Affair—This gay comedy gives us the lighter side of postwar Germany. Jean Arthur is a prim Congresswoman and doesn't approve at all of glamorous Marlene Dietrich. But both agree that John Lund is devastating. (Par)



Mickey—It's tough to have to take a singing lesson when you're a star baseball player and there's a very important game scheduled. Lois Butler's pretense of a sore throat starts a train of amusing and complicated situations. (Eagle-Lion)

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Tops with Teens!

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DATING DON'TS

Speaking from the male point of view,

the biggest mistake a girl

can make is to embarrass a boy

by BILL GALE

Take it from a member of the opposite sex, boys are just like people—

it doesn't take much to keep them happy and hanging around you. Trouble is, when that beautiful friendship with your favorite boy starts to fade, he won't tell you what it is about your dating technique that makes him want out.

It might be some little tactic that you aren't conscious of—but could change in a minute if you were. So—here's a look at a blueprint of tactics that are guaranteed to poke holes in even the swellest boy-girl friendship afloat. For smooth sailing, steer a wide course around these:

1. Do you cling? Translated, it means—do you overdo the cute, cuddly things that make you feel little and protected—and make him feel he's out with a truant from a kindergarten? When you're out with the crowd, do you stay close to him—perhaps with your hand tucked inside the pocket of his topcoat? Or do the two of you walk along with locked "pinkies"? (There will be a slight pause while I poke my head

out the window and take a few deep breaths.)

I don't mean that this cuddly type stuff should be blue-penciled completely—after all, there are a good many fellows who enjoy it—but when you're out "in company," it's smart to be a trifle more conservative. For the very things that he thinks are cute in private may embarrass him in public, and before long he's apt to feel he's dating a walking sugar cane and he'll wrench himself free for good.

2. Do you overwork the telephone? Too bad there isn't some way a telephone can disconnect itself on occasion—for instance, when she starts dialing his number preparatory to a conversation that begins with "Hi!" followed by a series of long, intense pauses. This particular technique is called "fishing" for a date and invariably the angler says too much or too little, and the "catch" is never more than a half-hearted invitation from him (Continued on page 58)



short cuts to beauty

by LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

Who's the neatest girl in the class? The one with the short cut, naturally. The crisp, close-to-the-head hair-do has caught on with teens everywhere, and no wonder; we've been singing its praises since 1946 (see Feb. issue). And rightly so, because it's easy to keep neat and pretty with a flick of your comb and a twist of your brush. Any new hairstyle requires a reshaping cut and soft, end permanent to give it body and contour. But the real secret is a weekly shampoo and set and the "putting up" session each night. You'll find these "do's" both flattering and easy to keep. They were especially designed for C.A.G. readers to complement your new ladylike fashions. Try our hair-dos with the following easy-to-set instructions. You're sure to fall in love with them just the way we did.

1. Set this style when the hair is very wet to smooth it close to the head like a tight-fitting cap. You'll need curl at the very ends, so twist your pincurls forward, around and over to avoid wispy tags. 2. If you need a soft frame for your face try this shadow-wave pageboy. Press the shadow wave in with your fingers. Secure a large fat curl at each ear with a bobby pin. The looser the pageboy, the more hair you roll up on the curler and vice versa. Pull the curler down to the very end of the hair strand and roll under. 3. Like a smooth convertible car, this variable bang can be worn forward or swept back. It helps cover a high, difficult forehead or indefinite hairline. Turn the hair forward to set the bang pincurls. Set rows of forward curls over and around your ears, secure well with bobby pins.

Photographs by Louis Faurer



**ENTER THIS CONTEST—
YOU MAY WIN:**

A trip to New York!
A week end at the Waldorf!
A \$100 Fall wardrobe!
A modeling job!
A hat wardrobe by the world's
most famous milliners!

Yes, Prizes and Popularity for
YOU in the Calling All Girls
National Contest:

Felt bumper beret with peak, about \$3. By Jay-Gee



Photographs by William Ward

POPULARITY BEGINS WITH A HAT

HOW DO YOU ENTER? If you're between the ages of 12 and 19, inclusive, you simply go to the Teen Department of the store in your town that announces the contest*, and ask for a free entry blank for the Calling All Girls "Popularity Begins with a Hat" contest. Contest begins August 1st; ends September 20th.

WHAT DO YOU DO? You have your photograph taken by the store, FREE, in any hat you select from the store's new fall stocks. There's nothing to buy; no expense is involved unless you wish to purchase prints of your photo. Your photo is attached to the entry blank, which the store keeps for the final judging.

THEN WHAT HAPPENS? A jury of local high school boys picks from the photos the girl who looks cutest, prettiest, or smartest in her hat. That girl—YOU, maybe—becomes the Local Winner and is awarded a local prize. Her entry, complete with photo, is submitted to National Headquarters in New York.

NOW HOLD YOUR BREATH! A jury of such experts as Henry Morgan, Harry Conover, disc jockey Fred Robbins, artist and author Betty Betz, singer Vic Damone—and your CALLING ALL GIRLS Fashion Ed., Nancy Pepper—select the National Winner from all the local winners. She wins those prizes listed above, and becomes the Most Popular Teen in the Land. And all because she tried on a hat! In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

** If you haven't seen a local announcement of the contest yet, turn to page 62 for a list of stores that have agreed to participate as this issue goes to press. There will be more by the time you read this. If your town isn't listed, send stamped, addressed envelope im-*

mediately to Contest Headquarters, Calling All Girls Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; and we'll tell you how and where to get your Free Entry Blank. Sorry. NO ENTRY BLANKS AVAILABLE DIRECT FROM CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Far right: "Dickey Bird" hat in felt with feathers and veiling for your best cost. About \$5. By Dehway. Right: Beret with feather fancy to top off your sports coat. About \$3. One of the new Elizabeth Taylor hats.



popularity begins with a hat

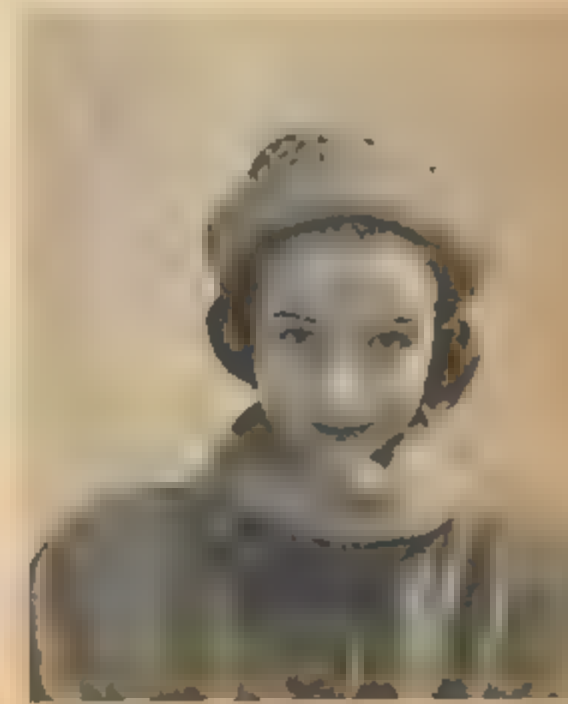


Far left. Wool and gold tinsel beret that comes in all colors. About \$4. Needlepoint fashion by Everett. Left: Pompon-topped felt beret with veiling streamers to tie demurely under your chin. About \$4. A Park Ave., Jr. fashion.

popularity begins with a hat

Far right: One of the "Penny" hats, inspired by the popular teen-age character from the comics. Felt with sequins, about \$3. Right: Visor beret and basket bag of Crompton corduroy. Green, brown, red, gray. About \$6 complete. By Harry Weiss.

These are some of the flattering young hats that Popularity can indeed begin with. You'll find them all in the teen or millinery departments of Gimbel's, New York, Philadelphia, Pa., and Pittsburgh, Pa., also at Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.



question

revised by J.H. KINDEL

You could say this about Jeanie's job—It kept her too busy to eat.

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ἄ: ὅτι ἐστὶν ἡ ἀποστολή τοῦ
 ἀποστόλου τοῦ ἁγίου πνεύματος

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never anticipated Rocky Road. Not in the wildest dream.⁶¹

"There's just one thing," Jimmie said, and now her
 eye was shining. "The girl is a beauty."

to get things done, and the only way to do that is to have the right people in the right places. And the only way to do that is to have the right people in the right places. And the only way to do that is to have the right people in the right places.

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1991 年 11 月 19 日
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A very weighty



question

a story by JEAN KINKEAD

You could say this about Joanie's job—it kept her too busy to eat

Joanie Murray, age sixteen, hung up the receiver and swung around to face her family, her round face aglow. "We're having a baby," she said. "All of us. Right here in this house. The Hoyts are going to Cape Cod, and I'm going to take Binky for the month of August." Mrs. Murray opened her mouth to speak, but Joanie was rolling, caisson-fashion. "And they're putting his crib up in my room, and the diaper service will come every week, and they're going to pay me sixty dollars with which I'll take the Get-Thin-With-Min course . . ."

"Are you losing your mind?" Mrs. Murray asked, putting down her magazine. "Or what?"

"If that uncivilized Binky Hoyt walks in that door," Joanie's brother Jerry said emphatically, "I join the Foreign Legion."

"You said anything legitimate," Joan said. "Those were your words, Mother. You said if I could earn the money legitimately, I certainly *could* take that course. 'Dear,' you said—"

"All *right*," Mrs. Murray snapped. "I certainly never anticipated Binky Hoyt. Not in my wildest dreams."

"There's just one thing," Joanie said, and now her voice was wheedling. "They want you to be in

charge. To supervise his feeding and—well, to be the boss. They'd really like to leave him with you, and have me be your helper—but I'd do everything," she went on quickly. "His laundry and absolutely everything. Why, you wouldn't have to lift a finger. You'd never know he was in the house."

Mrs. Murray, mother of two, curled her lip and said nothing. The Lord knows, she was thinking, the child does need that Get-Thin-With-Min course if anyone ever did. There was nothing lithe or fluid or feminine about Joanie at all. And with some weight off, she'd lose that pitiful self-consciousness where boys were concerned. Why, with a few pounds off—Mrs. Murray looked at her, studying her carefully—she'd be a heavenly-looking youngster.

So Mrs. Murray went to the telephone, and the details were worked out. There were endless phone calls after that, and the Hoyts came over twice to talk it all over again, and finally Binky was permitted to arrive, play pen, high chair, crib, stroller and all. Binky, aged eighteen months, of the blond crew cut, ripe-tomato cheeks and outsized lungs—and with his arrival, gracious living flew out of the window.

"What's this?" Jerry would scream from the bathroom, and Joanie would yell (*Continued on page 72*)

As Joanie reached out for Binky, busy devouring

a tennis ball, she remembered she couldn't

go on the picnic. Binky's uncle was coming.



STATE FAIR

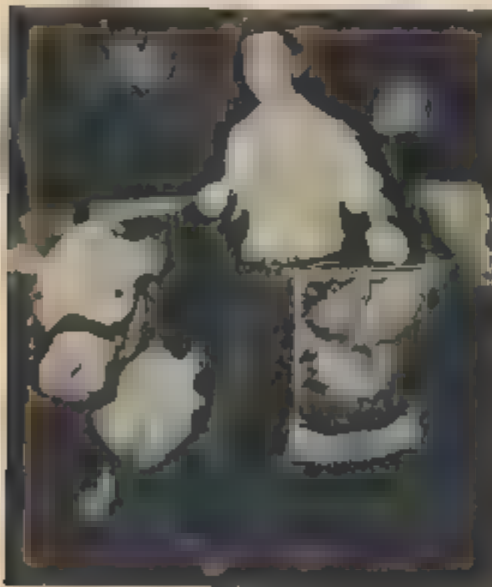
To teen-agers this big event of summer's end means prizes for their champions, and plenty of fun

by JOE WHITLEY



Texas teen-agers—over 45,000 of them—helped to make their "Whole of a Show" State Fair last year a record breaker.

Photographs by Neal Lyons



« Some do—some don't—get that coveted blue ribbon. At the Texas State Fair, Stuart Henderson, 16, walked off with it for his grand champion Hereford steer. The prize money will help to cover the cost of his college education.



Next, Dewey Yeary and Reba Turpin pose on "Old Paint." It wouldn't be State Fair without a gagshot picture!

Want to be a plow-jockey? Reba Turpin of Texas tries a tractor for size, but if the boys want to run it, let them!



Ferris wheel, loop-the-loop, merry-go-round—and now Bill Lefeu and Pat Capps stop off to try the cotton candy.



At a sideshow the Texas teens watch, fascinated, when the sword swallower bites off a bit more than he can chew.



Tramping from exhibit to hot dog stand is tough on the feet, so—last stop—a quick cool-off in the Esplanade Lagoon.

Sky-high thrill at the Fair ➤ was the roller coaster, and Pat, Dewey, and the rest of the gang did their share of shrieking.



sing a song

Our mixed quartette does a fanfare with bananas . . . mixes a mean tossed salad . . . molds a party gelatine dream . . . and snares a shrimp salad.

Trust the males to get in on a good thing. Men have a special knack with tossed salads. After all, haven't chefs made themselves famous by tossing salads and didn't a man first think up adding slivers of Swiss cheese or crumbled Roquefort to a tossed salad and calling it "Chef's Salad"? Build a (young) man up by bragging

about his salad prowess after you've taught him all you know on the subject . . . well, anyway, a few of the things you know.

The tossed salad may start a meal or be a meal. A salad can finish a meal, too.

Tossed Salad—Wash and "drain dry" head lettuce, French endive, romaine, curly endive, escarole, and water cress, or any combination of two or three of these greens (the secret is to use both light and dark-colored greens).



of salads

Heat got you down? Perk up with a refreshing salad . . . and let the boys toss for chef's honors

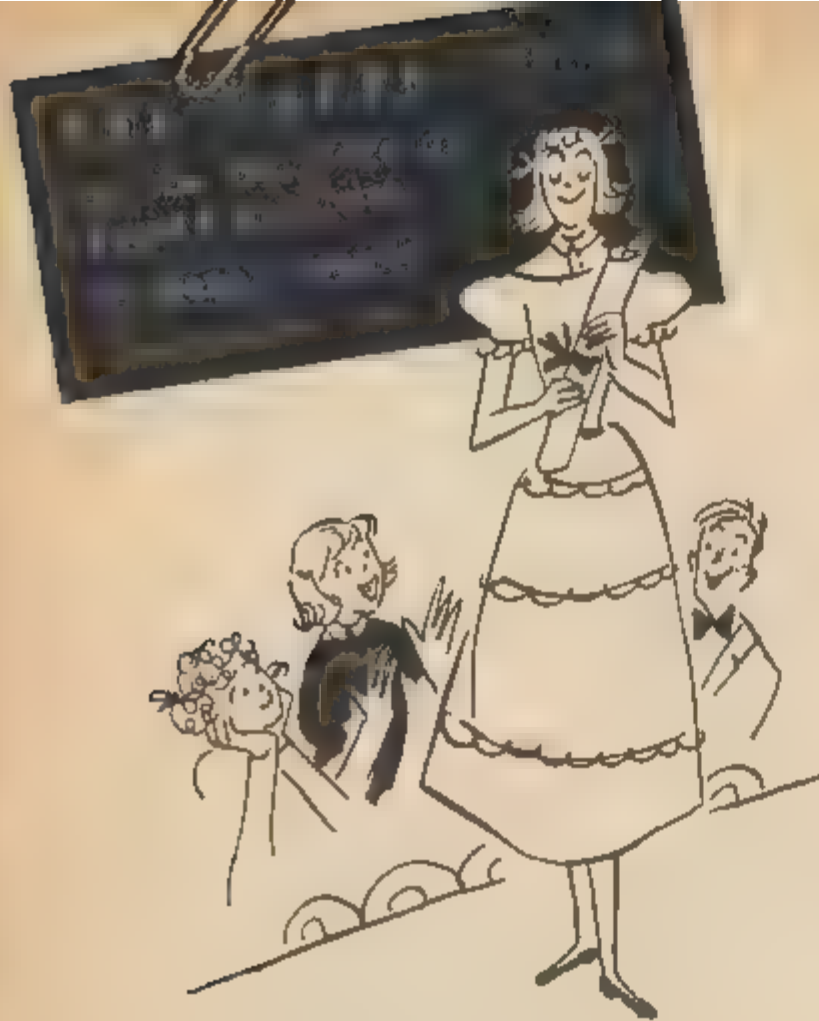
Chill thoroughly. Rub salad bowl with clove of garlic. Break or cut greens in bite-size or smaller pieces. Toss lightly at the moment of serving with a good French dressing. We tell you about this further on.

Chef's Salad—If it is going to be the main attraction, it may be a Chef's Salad, Julienne, which means that satisfying (filling) slivers of Swiss cheese, tongue, cold boiled ham, turkey, or chicken are added to the tossed salad of greens. Blue cheese or grated Parmesan cheese

is sometimes substituted for the Swiss cheese slivers.

The Business of "Tossing" a Salad—Ever watch a skilled salad tosser? With deft, quick movements, he tosses the salad greens lightly, scooping from the bottom of the bowl, never stirring or pressing down. The object is to coat each leaf with dressing, using just enough for this purpose. The dressing is sprinkled sparingly over the greens at first, as more can always be added. Only the nonprofessional (Continued on page 68)





1. The cynosure of every eye -
She graduates from Junior High;
No wonder Fanny's in a glow
She's rated as a B.T.O*
*Big Time Operator, of course



2. But comes the day she enters High,
To pride and rank she says good-by;
And as she starts her Freshman Term,
She feels much lower than the worm.



3. On campus she's the butt of jokes,
Her anguish only mirth provokes;
The upper classmen love to bait her
With tickets for the elevator.



4. That something's wrong our Fanny knows
With all her Bobby Soxer clothes,
And so she tries to play coquette -
Oh say, how corny can she get?



5. Her Freebie hat at jaunty angle,
Attention Fanny tries to wrangle;
Her hopes fly high, her heart beats faster-
Pride always goes before disaster.



6. At dances Freshmen can't be picky,
They're stuck with every goon and icky,
Her Snerd-like partner well could be
A fugitive from Bergen's knee.

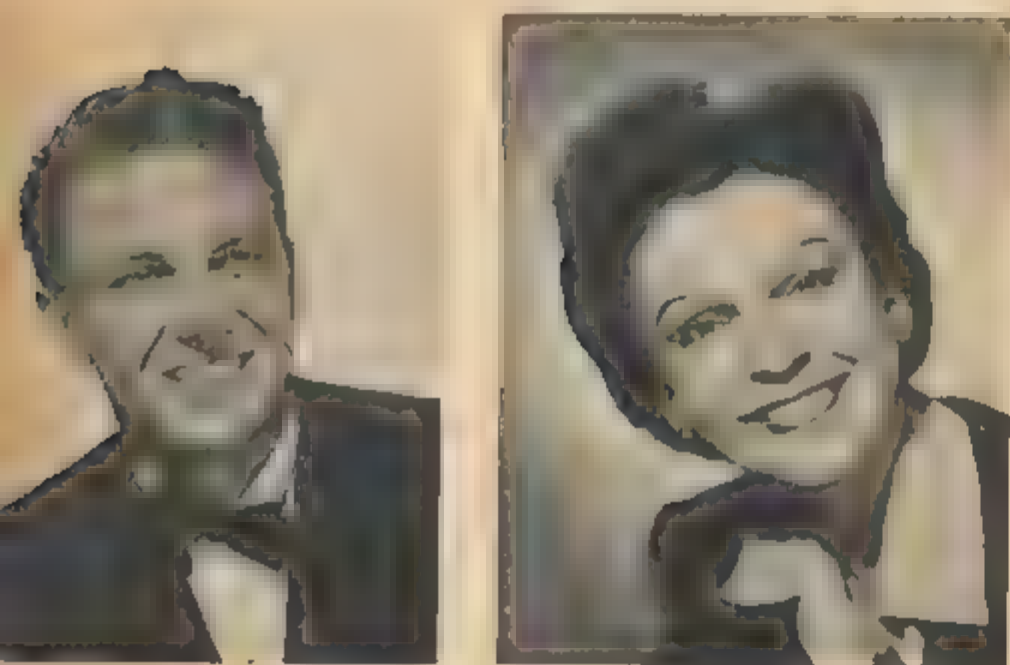


7. She learns to bear without a grumble
The slings and arrows of the humble;
Her day will come to rise and shine -
But now she's last on every line.



8. Take heart, ye Freshmen, toe the mark;
Before the dawn, the night seems dark;
Just live and learn - and, suddenly,
SMOOTH AS A SENIOR you shall be!

LET'S TALK IT OVER



ROBERT STACK and Mrs. BETSY STACK, Guest Conductors

A frank discussion with parents is a pretty sure path to solution of teen-age problems. As evidence of how easy it is to reach an understanding via the talk-it-over method Alice Barr Grayson, each month, has asked a parent-daughter team to discuss some of the questions you send in. If you have a problem you want an opinion on, send it in to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. This month, for a change, we have a mother-son combination as guest conductors: Mrs. Betsy Stack and her son Robert. Mrs. Stack, a personality in her own right, takes special pride in the two sons she has brought up. Bob, veteran of five years service in the U. S. Navy, is a skeet-shooting champion, holder of a Varsity letter for polo at the University of Southern California, and a movie actor. Bob's latest screen role is in DATE WITH JUDY which you'll be seeing soon.

What can I do to become popular with the boys? Other girls have loads of dates, but I never do, though I'm average in looks and intelligence.

Mrs. Stack—The most-dated girl is not, necessarily, the best beloved. The girl who spends all her girlhood rushing from one date to another can find herself out of that girlhood and unequipped for her life as a woman. Average looks and intelligence are all you need for a good life, and the years of life are longer than the years of girlhood. Just keep your interest in things and people alive—and apparent. Concentrating on others will, I promise you, act as a magnet for their attention to you.

Robert Stack—Are you intelligent enough, angel face, to modify your self-absorption? A man of any age has a tendency to like best the girl who is interested in him, not just in her hair do and where she wants to go. Try being aware of his interests—sports, hobbies, business. One of the most popular glamour gals in this town has the fascinating and flattering quality of complete attention to her escort. I've been fascinated and flattered by it myself whenever I've been lucky enough to get a date—and I'm an average guy. So make that quality your trick—the trick of being interested.

Mother thinks I shouldn't have any secrets from her and should leave my letters for her to read and so forth. While I've nothing to keep secret, I do think I should be permitted some privacy. How can I convince her of this?

Mrs. Stack—Unless the writer of a letter asks that it be read to someone else, I've always felt that a letter is a confidence between the writer and the addressee. It's sometimes difficult for mothers to curb their interest in whatever concerns their children and sometimes the years fly so quickly that a mother may be forgiven her inability to realize that her only is growing up. But after a person is old enough to read her own mail, I think it should be just that—her own.

(Continued on page 60)

news of *CALLING ALL GIRLS CLUBS*

by **NANCY PEPPER**, National Director of the *Calling All Girls Clubs*

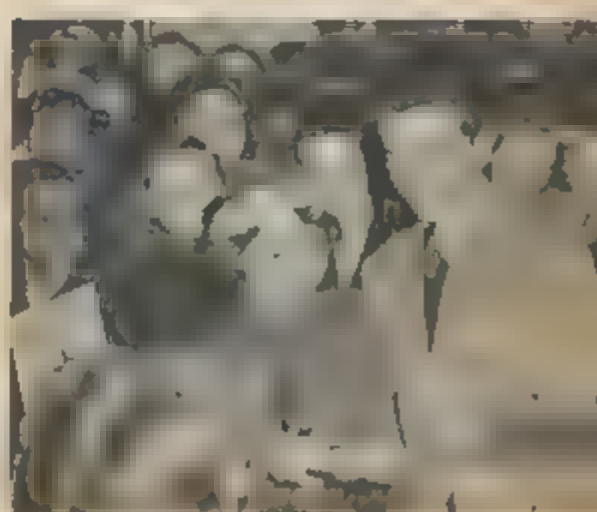
I'll be touring the country from Texas to New England with our Smooth-As-A-Senior Fashion Show by the time you read this, after hectic months of back-to-school preparation. If your mother thinks it's a job getting you ready for school—just imagine what it's like for the fashion editor of a teen magazine, getting millions of you into new fall fashions!

Nancy, Jr. and I have been thrilled with all the mail we're receiving from those of you who listen to our *CALLING ALL GIRLS* radio show. One week we offered a how-to-get-thin diet booklet and our many radio stations were simply swamped with requests. If you want one, just send a stamped, addressed envelope to me here at *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. After all, you have to be in good shape to wear the new fall fashions!

Not only smooth but smart, too, is sixteen-year-old Barbara Bowen, elected "Smoothest Senior" of Salt Lake City in the contest conducted by Auerbach's, Official Headquarters store. Barbara has maintained an "A" average all along; was vice president of the student body.

Taking a tip from the circus, Aldrich's, Official Headquarters in Wheaton, Ill., announced its spring fashion show with a street parade. They'll do it again this fall. Aldrich's has divided its Club into Senior and Junior groups and conducts separate meetings of each age group to discuss fashion and grooming problems. Members do a lot of modeling.

I'm making like a Proud Mother while teen-age daughter, Nancy, Jr., at the far right of this picture, signs autographs after a *CALLING ALL GIRLS* radio broadcast in New York City. They had to call out the police to control the enthusiastic crowds, as you can easily see.



Voted the "Smoothest Senior" in Kankakee, Illinois, in the contest conducted by The Fair, Official Headquarters store, is Mary Ann Bates, senior at Kankakee High. She will star in the Back-to-School Fashion Show to be held for Kankakee teen-agers before school opening date.

Genial Frankie Laine, who sings songs like nobody else, autographs the Frankie Laine lapel pin for members of his fan club, who turned out for his guest appearance at a *CALLING ALL GIRLS* fashion show at Gimbel's, New York. I interviewed him during the show and discovered that he likes you teens as much as you like him—which is but plenty!

That's none other than Vic Damone, 19-year-old singing sensation, autographing a lapel pin of himself for me after our *CALLING ALL GIRLS* show at Gimbel's, New York Headquarters. You can buy these Famous Faces lapel pins for about \$1. They're a new teen-age fad.

RING OF

*It was to bring her sister and the bashful young man together
that Subhatra bought the magic ring . . .*

When you walk down the street of an Indian city it's hard to keep your mind on a problem. The snorting oxen dragging carts . . . the shouting wallahs pulling rickshaws . . . the cabs that hurtle along, not on the right side of the street, not on the left, but wherever they wish—such things can scarcely be ignored.

Yet young Subhatra Devi walked slowly home from the bazaar, the market place, neither seeing nor hearing the sights and the sounds of the street. For Subhatra had a problem and the problem was love.

It wasn't quite her own problem. If it were, Subhatra told herself, she'd be perfectly able to handle it; for she was of the younger generation—an Indian girl who was able to go to the movies with a boy, who could walk home with him, and hold hands as they walked. She had seen American movies—eight or nine of them, in fact—and had learned how young girls in other countries lived.

But Kamala, her sister? That one didn't learn, was perfectly happy being the "old kind" of Indian girl—the kind who never saw a man unless her parents were present, who never let her emotions show, who would never dream of talking marriage (or shyly hinting it) unless all the formal proposals had been made.

And Saleh—the Assistant Postmaster who often called on her sister? He was just as old-fashioned, and just as afraid to break with tradition. He would never even be brave enough to ask Kamala to an afternoon soccer game . . . and he was such a good player, too, and so handsome, his bronze-brown skin dark against his white uniform.

A queer world, Subhatra mused as she walked. All these many months gone by and now it was almost too late. Tomorrow Saleh would leave for a new post in Bombay; and if he didn't propose today — *Teek na!* she said to herself. "It is not good, I must do something."

Subhatra stopped. One more block, and she would be home. Now she must buy the newspaper for her father, and some roti for supper. And then—she would act!

The back pages of an Indian newspaper are filled with the strangest advertisements in the world—of mind readers who can see into the future—amazing medicines, supposed to make the oldest people young again—charms that bring wealth, bracelets that bring health—and rings that bring romance.

Subhatra, sitting on her low stool, reading by flickering kerosene light, looked once more at the advertisement for the magic ring:

MEN!

WOMEN!

If you want to capture the love of another, wear the Ring of Romance. It will open closed lips, bring the words you want to hear. Buy it today!

From the newspaper, her eyes went to the palm of her hand. There it glittered—a "Ring of Romance." That afternoon, right after she had first seen the advertisement, she had bought it for three rupees; if the shining tin and speckled glass worked, it would be worth it. And it had better work—for three rupees would have taken her to the movies, twice.

"Kamala," she said, closing her fist on the ring, "do you believe in magic?"

"No," her sister answered. "That is for babies and fools."

"Maybe, and maybe not. Have you ever tried?"

"*Hai!*" laughed her sister. "When the monkey chatters, bananas must be near. What is your idea, Subhatra? What do you want to say?"

ROMANCE

a short short story complete on these pages

by HARLEN RICHARDS

The girl extended her hand, opening it proudly. "This ring," she said, "is one I bought this afternoon at the shop of Manilal Bose. It is a magical ring of romance. It will make Saleh ask you to be his wife. All you have to do is wear it."

"Shukra!" her sister shouted. "You are crazy! Such things are superstitious, stupid, and for the unschooled! Take your ring away, and let me be!"

Subhatra turned—slowly, sadly. She walked to her room, telling herself that all was lost. Saleh would go to Bombay; Kamala would never be his wife. Her last chance was gone.

And then—she laughed, tossed her head, and her gleaming black hair danced as she moved. There was *one* more chance—maybe Saleh would wear the ring!

The rickshaw carried her swiftly to the crowded street where Saleh lived, far across the city from her own home. She knocked at his door hesitantly: what would he think of her visit? Would he consider it shocking, or bold?

She entered at his summons, saw his eyes widen with surprise. He dropped one of the sandals he was packing in his traveling bag. "Subhatra!" he cried. "Why are you here? Is something wrong?"

"No," she answered. "I was just walking by—and decided to greet you."

"Teek," he said with relief. "That is good."

Subhatra sat down, fidgeted nervously for a moment. But she must not put it off, she told herself.

"You know," she said, "some people are afraid to speak of love."

"Oh?"

"Yes," she assured him. "And for those people, there is help." Now was the time. "Saleh," she continued, "do you believe in magic?"

"No."

"Not at all? Never?"

"No," he repeated. "Never. But Subhatra—what are you leading to?"

She extended her hand, opened it hopefully. "This ring," she blurted out, "is for people in love. I bought it today at the shop of Manilal Bose, for three rupees. If someone wanted to marry someone, all he'd have to do is wear it. Then romance would be his."

Saleh frowned. "Are you thinking of me, Subhatra?"

"Well," she said. "Well—perhaps. Yes. Yes, I was."

"Ridiculous!" he snorted. "These things are for the uneducated—for the unschooled wallahs who pull our rickshaws. It is stupid! Take your ring away, Subhatra. Do not be a child!"

She did not plead—for now she knew that all was lost. Perhaps even her three rupees would be lost, although these at least she could try to get back.

A queer world, she thought, as she went back to the shop of Manilal Bose. And a queerer world she decided, as soon as she asked the shopkeeper for her three rupees.

"No," he answered. "That is not good business. That I will not do."

"But three rupees pays for two tickets to the movies," Subhatra begged.

"No," he said. "No! Take your ring away."

Take it away? Better than that! Furlously, she hurled the ring into the muddy water in the gutter. She watched it until the tin and glass were covered. She smiled—it had been silly, superstitious, and unschooled. Her smile widened—and then she began to laugh.

Two rickshaws had pulled up in front of the shop of Manilal Bose. One from the east part of town, and one from the west. From one—with a three-rupee note clutched in her hand—descended Kamala. And from the other—with his eyes riveted on the "Rings of Romance" glittering in the window—stepped Saleh.

THE END

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

**College may help you get a better job,
but there are other important reasons
why you should get more education**

by EVELYN MURRAY

If you ask me whether or not you should go to college, the answer is, of course, a big YES. It's important that we all have as much education as possible. The more we know, the richer and more interesting our lives are, the more useful we can be as citizens.

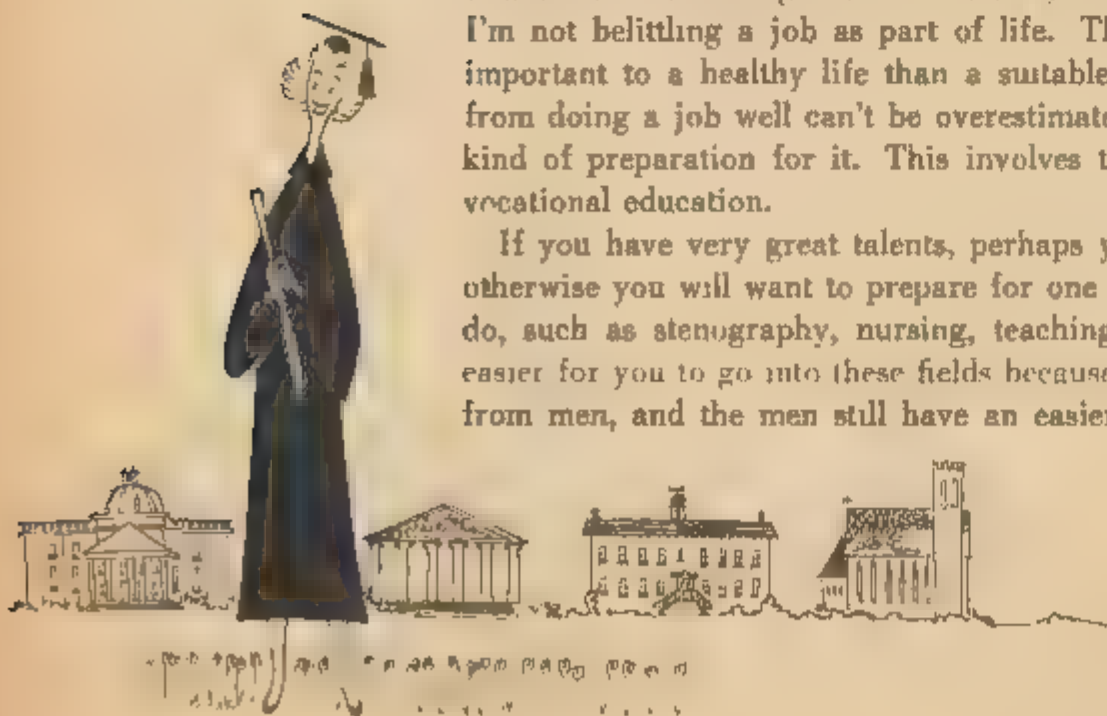
But when it comes to getting a certain kind of job at the end of your added schooling, no one can promise you that today. Every year more of you graduate from high school. More of you go to college, and are able to face the problems of life with disciplined intelligence. But this doesn't mean that you will have more interesting or exciting jobs because of the extra education. Often a person with a college education has to start in the same job she would have had without it. But she may get ahead faster and go further if she has had advanced education or training.

But let's not think of education merely as job preparation. There is much to know in addition to job knowledge. Life is more complicated now than when Mother was a girl. You will work shorter hours than your mother did (if she held a job), and you will want more education with which to enjoy your other waking hours.

Don't think of your time in school only as getting ready for work. Don't waste all your school life learning a narrow specific occupation. Get as much general education as you can.

A job is only part of life and a means to an end, not an end in itself. School should give us the general knowledge and background for a field of work, as well as other knowledge. We can usually learn the specific job quickly enough. I'm not belittling a job as part of life. There's no other thing that is more important to a healthy life than a suitable job. The satisfaction that comes from doing a job well can't be overestimated. That is why we need the right kind of preparation for it. This involves the proper mixture of general and vocational education.

If you have very great talents, perhaps you may be wise to specialize, but otherwise you will want to prepare for one of the traditional jobs that women do, such as stenography, nursing, teaching, selling, social work. It will be easier for you to go into these fields because you won't have much competition from men, and the men still have an easier time of (Continued on page 64)





SMOOTH AS A SENIOR

It takes four years to become as Smart as a Senior, but no time at all to become as Smooth as one. That is, if you're as observant as Fanny Freshman up there with the '52 on her cap. She's found twelve solid reasons why these Seniors are Smooth. Can you? List them; then turn the page upside down to check. Study all the fashions in this issue, and you'll be Smooth as a Senior before you get your first report card.

- 1 Precious cashmere sweater classics to love and cherish. By Helen Harper. Cardigan about \$13, pull-on about \$9.
- 2 Slim-as-a-reed tweed skirt. By Fairway, of Farnsworth Tweed in neutral, gray and white, or green and white. About \$9.
- 3 Heraldic necklace in antique silver metal. By Benedikt. About \$4. Try wearing the plaque on a striped order ribbon.
- 4 Sturdy saddle-stitched leather belt. By Schaffer. About \$3.
- 5 Knee-high cotton socks, the right answer to your hosiery problem with long straight skirts. By Trimble. About \$1.
- 6 Colorful silk scarf in conversational design. B.G., Jr., by Ben Goodman & Son. About \$3. Sorry it doesn't show more.
- 7 Rugged crepe-soled sports shoes. By Sandler. About \$8.
- 8 Plaid and corduroy suit with detachable cape-hood. By Jean Lord, featuring a new Shamokin wool plaid. About \$25.
- 9 Basket bag of Crompton corduroy. By Harry Weiss, about \$6, together with matching visor hat shown elsewhere.
- 10 Crepe-soled ballets of matching Crompton corduroy, an entirely new idea in campus footwear. By Prime. About \$5.
- 11 Long-sleeved turtle-neck sweater (under corduroy jacket). By Shepherd. About \$6. Turtle-necks are going to be good!
- 12 Natural color string gloves. By Wear Right. About \$3.

Featured on this page—Smooth-as-a-Senior fashions in teen departments of The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.; and Joske's, San Antonio, Texas.

Photograph by Zagbaum



smooth as a senior in QUILTED COTTONS

As new as the term you're beginning next month—Quilted Cottons! Left, a swishy skirt of Dan River gingham with a wide quilted border to make it billow out around you. The blouse of wool jersey. About \$17 complete. Right, a two-piecer of Dan River miniature plaid gingham goes Early American with its quilted capelet and skirt border and quaint shoe buttons. About \$15 complete. Juniorette fashions by Rainbow in Teen Departments of Younker-Davidson, Sioux City, Iowa; The Home Store, Dayton, Ohio; Oppenheim Collins, New York and Brooklyn.



Left, a suit of Celanese rayon, quilted with Interrel, a Hego Fabric, will rate you raves in the high-school paper. Cozy little jacket (to wear with wool skirts) and skirt about \$9 each; blouse of Peter Pan cotton about \$6. By Touraine at Schuster's, Milwaukee, Wis.; and John A. Brown Co., Oklahoma City, Okla. Right, how Victorian can you get? Canoe print cotton, a Fuller fabric, in a nuptype two-piecer with quilted skirt, by Young Ideas. About \$11 complete at Stewart's, Baltimore, Md. Don't miss the Sandler sabot strap shoes with the widow peak bonnet in front.

YOUNG RODEO ARTIST

A few years before he reached stardom from ABC drama work, he got on via the rodeo jockey route. A night time rodeo on and a year of horse racing at University of Washington were his preparation for the screen and must have given the good looking actor just the right background. He is now in his early twenties and has already played in six pictures. His latest GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING, a 20th Century Fox film, gives him his first lead. His own special skills plus ready ability make audiences want to know what will be next on Bob's movie schedule.



HOW TO OVERCOME YOUR SHYNESS

If you take a real interest in others—they're shy, too—you'll find your own shrinking-violet feelings will disappear

By RUTH FEDDER

You look about you and you see girls who are *smooth*—girls who seem to have poise and charm and all the qualities that you admire. If only you knew their secret!

You want others to like you, and on what you believe others think of you're perfect—they won't! But no one is perfect, and all of us—have feelings of inferiority and need encouragement, everyone

A high-school girl told us her father's friend, the town's best-known lawyer, spoke on the program. After assembly, there were so many important people around him that she didn't have the nerve to go up to him and ask him to tell her how she could be like him.

The next day he met her and asked her anxiously, "You didn't tell me so yesterday."

Betty hastened to tell him how wonderful he was. He looked at her doubtfully and answered, "You didn't tell me so yesterday."

Betty added, as she told the story, "I wondered whether he even believed me. I wished then that I'd gone up to him right after the speech, and now, when people do something to tell them so, even if they are important people. You'd be surprised how grateful they are, too."

Suppose you're the kind of person who's shy and afraid of people? You don't open your mouth at a party or at school. You get so embarrassed that you act like a stick and feel like a fool because you can't think of anything to say to people. You're afraid that what you *do* say will be the wrong thing. Maybe you want very much to be different from what you are now—poised, charming, kind, understanding. If you want to be like that, you have to begin now—doing something to make yourself that way.

Remember what we said about everyone feeling inferior about something, and needing encouragement? Building props of encouragement under (Continued on page 57)



smooth as a senior in **ANGORA**



Lunch isn't the only thing that looks good enough to eat on this page—so do the soft-as-a-cloud angora sweaters, and sweet as such accessories in matching pastels. Sweaters by Regina, left to right, 100% angora pul-on, about \$15, 50% angora pul-on, about \$11; 50% angora cardigan, about \$4. And hats by Bonanza, left to right, angora white. Women's flared wool skirts by Fairway, straight or flared, about \$8. Angora pul-overs by Richelieu, sequin-trimmed angora mittens by Royal Knit, and a top sweater by Loretta. For more color, look for angora sweaters by Gardner. Pastel angora sweaters and wool plaid skirts in Teen Department of Macy's, New York; and Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Ill.

ALSO FROM THE NEW YORK WORD





smooth as a senior in

It's a soft, smooth, and comfortable fabric that's perfect for a senior in high school. The fabric is a blend of cotton and polyester, making it durable and easy to care for. It's a great choice for a senior who wants to look polished and professional.

The fabric is a blend of cotton and polyester, making it durable and easy to care for. It's a great choice for a senior who wants to look polished and professional. The fabric is a blend of cotton and polyester, making it durable and easy to care for.



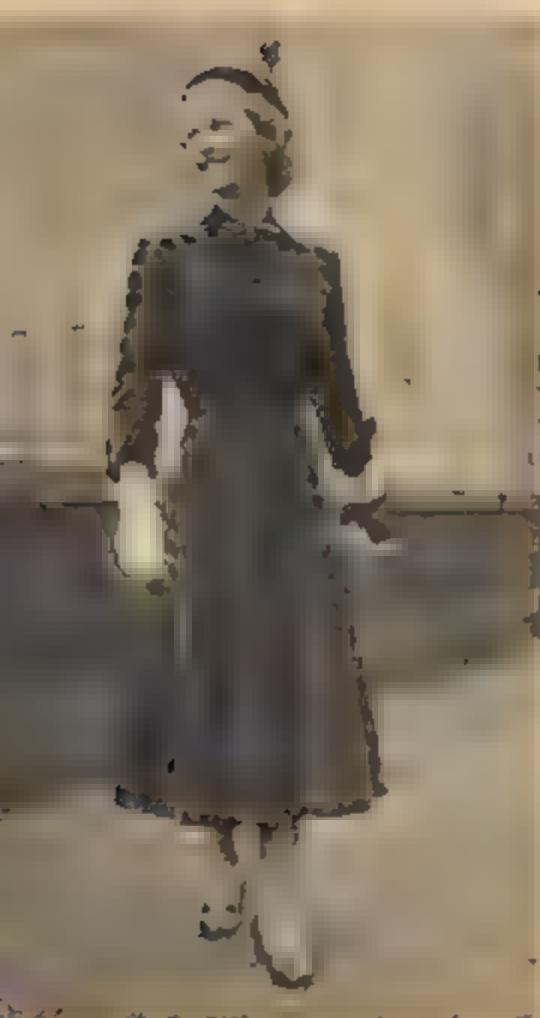
SWEATERS 'N' SKIRTS

Our new line of sweaters and skirts is perfect for a senior in high school. The sweaters are made of a soft, smooth fabric that's perfect for a senior who wants to look polished and professional. The skirts are made of a long, light-colored fabric that's perfect for a senior who wants to look polished and professional.

The sweaters are made of a soft, smooth fabric that's perfect for a senior who wants to look polished and professional. The skirts are made of a long, light-colored fabric that's perfect for a senior who wants to look polished and professional. The sweaters are made of a soft, smooth fabric that's perfect for a senior who wants to look polished and professional.



Kodachromes by William Ward



Fa 1941



Zogbaum



Fa 1941

smooth as a senior in **EYE-CATCHING PLAIDS**

There's nothing like a luring plaid to attract attention on or off campus. In color, opposite page, our own CAG dater dress—or is it a suit?—by Universiteen, in wool and rayon blend plaid with concisely fitted little jacket, gracefully flared skirt. About \$15 at Edward's, Buffalo, N. Y.; The Emporium, St. Paul, Minn.; and The Home Store, Dayton, Ohio. Velveteen Ring-a-Rosy caps by Jaunty Jil; plastic clutch-bag, equipped with compact and stuff, by Teen Town. Lipstick is Tussey's "Contraband." Inset, the perfect campus coat—cozy plaid with detachable hood, flared back. About \$30. By Kay McDowell at Crowley-Milner, Detroit, Mich.; John A. Brown, Oklahoma City, Okla. Crepe soled shoes—new campus favorite, "Apple Red" lipstick by Helena Rubinstein.

Above, at left—discover plaid corduroy and you'll have all the Smooth Seniors following your lead. You'll look trim and slim in the artfully simple shirtwaist dress that Helen Lee designed for Betty Worth in Crompton's plaid corduroy, italicized with sout-black velveteen. Your Ring-a-Rosy cap by Jaunty Jil looks perfect with it. So do your pointed front pumps by Glory Bee. Dress about \$15 at Jane Engel, New York; and J. N. Adams, Buffalo, N. Y. Your best buy for any weather—a reversible coat that is 100% wool plaid on one side, Impregnable treated water-repellent cotton on the other. Detachable hood, by Quality. About \$17 at Younkers, Des Moines, Ia.; Younker-Davidson, Sioux City, Ia.; Gold & Co., Lincoln, Neb.; and The National, Atlantic City, N. J.

Above, right—When you wear carefully ensembled plaids with your sweaters no one can tell you from the Smoothest Senior in school. At left, your black and white Varel plaid skirt is matched by a stole. By Touraine. Skirt about \$9; stole about \$4. Eyelet front white sweater blouse by Serbin, about \$4. Both at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y., and The White House, San Francisco, Calif. Right, match your plaid skirt by Joan Lord to a becoming roller hat and double bag by Betmar (Twin bags attached to a plaid strip) and add a sweater by Lawrence with new rounded shoulders and tricky little haws. Skirt about \$8, hat about \$5, bag about \$9, sweater about \$4. At Gimbels, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich. All fashions from teen departments.



smooth as a senior in **BLACKBOARD PLAIDS**

You're the brightest girl in your class in Dan River plaid gingham, with black trelina, a Crown Soap & Water rayon "Pink Queen" apstrik by Tangee. Both dresses have frisky skirt ruffles and push up sleeves. Teen Set by Dea Town. Left, about \$13; right, about \$11. Sizes 10 to 16. In the Teen Departments of

Maas Bros., Tampa and St. Petersburg, Fla.; James Black, D. C. Co., Waterloo, Ia.; A. F. Troutman Co., Connellsville, Pa.; B. H. Levy, Savannah, Ga.; Furchgott's, Jacksonville, Fla.; A. Polsky Co., Akron, Ohio; Beer's, Inc., Springfield, Mo.; Pomeroy's, Harrisburg, Pa.; and C. C. Anderson Stores, Boise, Idaho.

Endorsement by William Ward

Quiet Evening

by Lois Glantz, age 13

Dinner seemed to be a very tasteless affair that night, but then Hilda was too nervous to eat much. She didn't even have to close her eyes to see Stu. As soon as she thought about him, she could see his clean-cut tanned face with the dusky brown, laughing eyes.

Now that she stopped to think about it, it did seem a little strange that Stu Benton, captain of the Macon High basketball team, had asked Hilda Walker, a mere nobody, for a date. Even if it was only to the movies. And it was especially queer since he'd been going steady with Sonnie Hoffman since the Spring prom.

Mrs. Walker's voice interrupted her dreaming in half-pleading, half-commanding tones.

"For goodness' sake, Hilda, I simply can't understand you this evening. You haven't touched your plate. Now eat your meal before it gets cold. You know how disgraceful it is to waste food these days."

Hilda picked up the fork unenthusiastically and sampled the lukewarm potatoes. Parents are so dense, she thought, trying to make the food pass over the lump in her throat. It was strange that she should feel this way. She'd never had a crush on Stu, just regarded him with awe, and a kind of respectful admiration from afar.

She pushed away her plate and announced, "No more for me, I guess. May I be excused?" Her mother's sigh of resignation answered the request and Hilda went upstairs with butterflies still dancing around inside her stomach.

In her room she switched on the small bed lamp and the radio. The brightness from the lamp poured through the frilly shade and made its corner of the room strangely alive and separate from the other still dark ones. (Continued on page 62,



As you wrote it

stories . . . articles . . . poems . . . contributed by readers

From Bard to Verse

by Rose Goldman, age 15

I was a very precocious untalented child . . . consequently, not being a pink and pretty little girl, I was scorned by classmates and teachers alike.

Thus the situation stood, until I discovered that by the simple expedient of rhyming words like *flower* and *shower*, or *tree* and *me*, I could make both classmates and teachers look at me in respectful awe. I began writing poetry with a vengeance. Not satisfied with little dribbles, I manufactured reams each day. Shrewdly I realized quantity could be substituted for quality and still be a credit to someone of my tender years.

Never shall I forget the masterpiece I penned when I was in 1A. It went thus:

I hope that it will shower
Upon the pretty flower,
And make it drip . . .
Just like a ship.

But I was no flash-in-the-pan genius. I immediately (Continued on page 63)

smooth as a senior in S.T.T. FASHIONS

It's hard to tell the difference between you Junior Hi teens and the sophisticated Seniors, now that you've discovered Smaller-Than-Teen fashions—dresses, coats, and sportswear in sizes 10 to 14; in styles to make you look and feel Smooth as a Senior.

At right—Jumbo pockets, petal collar, pleated back fullness and detachable hood—all in one coat of Milliken wool covert styled by Highlander. Under \$40. Pompon socks by Trimfit; American wool knit mitts by Hansen in the catching dice design.

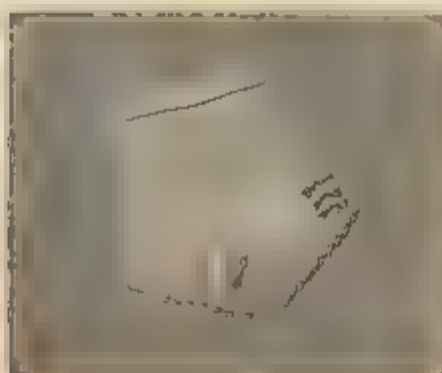


At left—Jumper of fine wool plaid with gypsy sash (like our front-cover skirts) and new back fullness. About \$11 by Derby. Tucked turtle-neck cotton blouse by Pigtail Fashions, about \$4.

Opposite page—Julliard corduroy with detachable cape, gold buttons, and belt. About \$15. Corduroy beret and basket bag set by Harry Weiss. Plaid gingham dress with figure-flattering bodice shirring, petticoat ruffle. About \$11 Both by Petiteen



Photographs by Zagbaum



A Pantie girdle designed expressly for you smaller-than-teen girls who wear S.T.T. sizes. Controls your figure and helps your posture. Eyelet knit lastex, cotton and rayon with rayon crotch. In white and pastels. Feels and washes like a regular pantie. It's "Cue" by Flexnit, about \$1.50



STT fashions on these two pages are available in girls' departments of following stores: Filene's, Boston, Mass.; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blooming

dale's, New York; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.; Shillito's, Cincinnati, O.; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.; and Foley Bros., Houston, Tex.



It's all for fun. The raccooned doorman ushers in coeds eager for a Jahn ice-cream gorge.



Contenders for the ice cream crown wait Jahn's signal to begin rights and lefts to the jaw.



Tell us, pretty maidens, what's on the wall? Messages to Garcia—or to Gail, Grace, and Gwen?



Oh yeah? Who said I couldn't wolf a Double Wallop? Dish out another, brother—I can take it!

III-SCHOOL HANGOUT

Vacation days find Richmond Hill teens gathering at Jahn's where there's everything to tempt a teen sweet tooth

by IRVING WERSTEIN

Teen-agers in Richmond Hill, New York, have their own special empire—Jahn's Confectionery—ruled over by genial Frank Jahn, whom they have crowned "Emperor of Ice Cream," for his sundaes, sodas, or what-have-you are masterpieces designed to wow the teen-age appetite.

The menu at Jahn's lists an amazing assortment of strange concoctions. Latch on to this—heading the parade is the *Super Duper for Two*, with fourteen flavors of ice cream, nuts, chocolate sprinkles, whipped cream and syrup. It's served in a small pot. A *Tall in the Saddle* (subtitled *That's All, Brother*) has a dozen balls of ice cream smothered in whipped cream and trimmings, crammed into a

fourteen-inch, flower vase. Lower on the price scale are items like *Joe Sent Me*, *Boilermaker and Helper*, the ("#\$%&'?/) *Special* (you point to this one), the ominous-sounding *Suicide Special*, and a menacing *Awful Awful*. At Jahn's you don't order a separate soda for your date. You simply say "*Double Wallop*," which is a tremendous soda dished up in an oversized beaker, with lots of sipping for two.

Jahn's is official headquarters for undergrads from half a dozen high schools in Long Island and Queens College. Here notes are scribbled on the wall for tardy friends, twosomes dig their initials into the tables, and the telephone keeps up a steady hum with the big-time operations of Campus Big Wheels.

Photographs by Regina Fisher



Twosome with but a single sundae, but oh what a spoon-fest it is! Attention, men: The lady always gets first scoop.



What'll you have—Double Wallop, Tall-in-the-Saddle, Boilermaker & Helper, or Stretch (Jahn jive for king-size Coke)?

"Old sweet songs... and swell new snapshots!"

Snaps capture the
magic of the fireside's spell...so the crowd sings out for more.
More? Easy!...even at night, with flash equipment...
when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—
it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film, by far
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak Film

...the film in the familiar
yellow box



Kodak

KODAK IS A TRADE MARK

there's a
reason
why

this is
America's favorite
bobby pin

All over the country, smart heads turn to Gayla Hold-Bobs to keep hair lovely, smooth, in place. Hold-Bobs slide in smoothly, stay more securely, feel better, hold better. They're strong yet flexible. The small heads are "invisible." And the rounded-for-safety ends won't catch hair. Remember, only Hold-Bobs have these exclusive features.



Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS

"Gayla" means the best in
bobby pins • hair pins • curlers

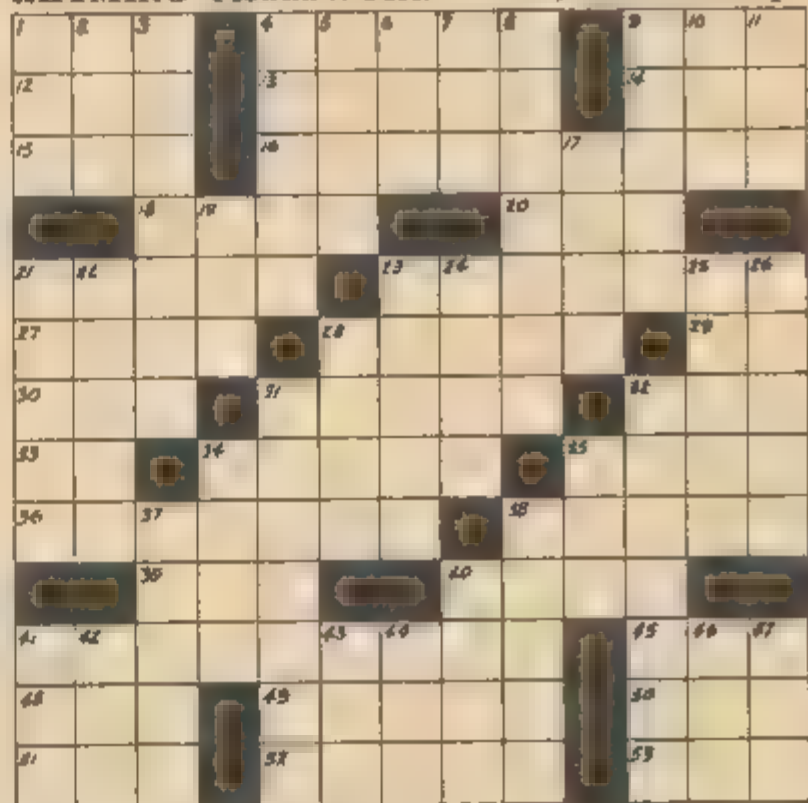
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PUZZLERS'

POST

RYHMING CROSSWORD

By Boris Randolph



Answers on page 86

ACROSS

1. Very queer and very strange.
4. Armor that protects the face.
9. Sheep-talk out upon the range.
12. In another's stead or place.
13. Where a fight is often fought.
14. For a girl a Christian name.
15. Just the price of services bought.
16. One whose being all disclaim.
18. What we close with when we pray.
20. Fetched, procured, or else obtained.
21. Fashions that our styles display.
23. Stirred to actions long disdained.
27. Candid, plain, and frank to be.
28. What a room has always got.
29. Note that comes 'twixt sol and si.
30. And a cover for a pot.
31. Regal headgear for a king.
32. And a cushion used in sport.
33. "One" applied to anything.
34. Workers of a slavish sort.
35. Anybody's destiny.
36. Vindication of a wrong.
38. Moves as vapor, upwardly.
39. Animal with ears quite long.
40. To make money, if you please.
41. Be on foot, without a horse.
45. Eve with only half her E's.
48. To partake of food, of course.
49. On the sea a path or lane.
50. Tear apart with angry might.
51. Ems that have been cut in twain.
52. All the borders of a plane.
53. What the sun must do each night.

DOWN

1. Distant from, removed or such.
2. Female of a deer or hare.
3. Was afraid of very much.
4. Weathercocks that feel the a.r.
5. Prime ingredient of steel.
6. Coin used by the Japanese.
7. Two from three must this reveal.
8. Capital of soil Burmese.
9. Lures towards which some fish may swoop.
10. Insect that in earth is found.
11. One unchosen of a group.
17. And a rambling trip around.
19. Human beings, male in kind.
21. In your mouth a certain tooth.
22. To express a thought in mind.
23. By yourself at last, forsooth!
24. Line plus line plus line plus line.
25. Happy feelings to evoke.
26. Rendezvous to dance and dine.
28. Creature that sure loves to croak.
31. To find fault with how things go.
32. Gets control of or subdues.
34. Dollar used in Mexico.
35. What a fish to swim must use.
37. Improvises, sweet or hot.
38. Travels in or travels on.
40. Just to measure and allot.
41. To consume until it's gone.
42. Sister? Yea, but not of kin.
43. Bow the head a little bit.
44. Boat that tows another in.
46. To contend and strive to win.
47. To the point; quite pat or fit.

HOW TO OVERCOME YOUR SHYNESS

(Continued from page 44)

another's fear of inferiority is one unfailing method of forgetting your own fears.

Make yourself talk to people. One high school girl confessed, "When I finished grammar school, I didn't have any friends. I used to think people just didn't like me. I'd get terribly discouraged. Sometimes I'd hate the world and everyone in it. When I came to high school, I talked to almost no one. Really, I was just afraid to go up to people—I didn't know how to begin talking. I thought that people would come and talk to me, but it didn't work that way. I was lonesome, and I began to feel sorry for myself. Then we had discussions in homeroom about what growing up means, and how to get along with people. I'd never thought before of looking at myself to find out what the trouble was. I never knew that there was something I could do about it—that I didn't have to stay the way I was."

"I decided I'd try to talk to people. So now, when I see a girl I think I'd like, I try to find out what she's interested in. It's fun—and it helps me to forget about myself. I even talk to boys now. Every time I find that one more person likes me, I've built another prop of self-confidence under myself."

This girl had discovered that most people like you if, first, you give them a chance to know you, and if, second, you're really interested in them. If you are, people feel your interest, your honest respect and liking for them, and they become comfortable, at ease with you. But you have to be sincere; you can't merely pretend interest in them.

How can you show your interest in people? Listen to them, share their enthusiasms. Encourage them to talk to you. Be willing to learn from them. That's how you build props under their self-confidence.

You needn't be a witty talker, although, of course, you can't hope to bowl people over with constant repetition of only one or two phrases, like "You're wonderful!" or "That's swell." Ask intelligent questions occasionally. Let people feel that they can tell you something new and interesting.

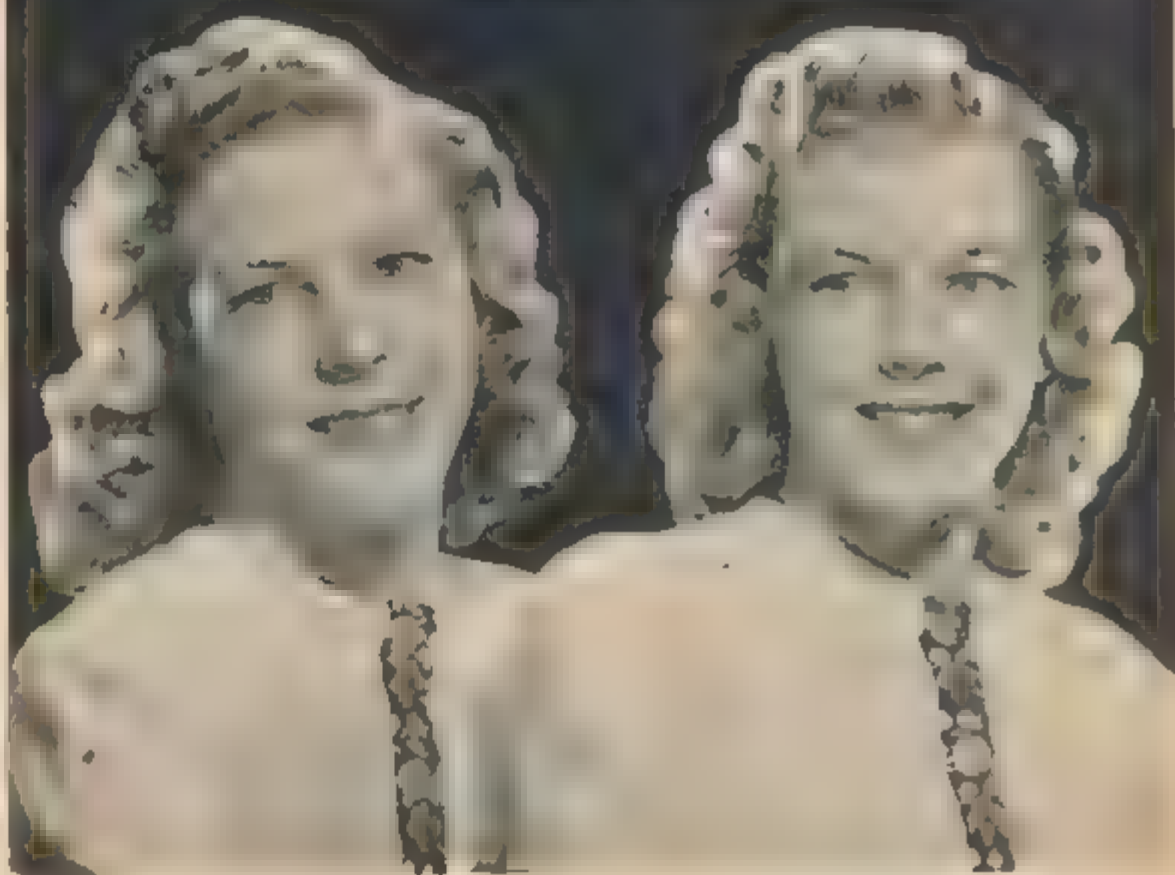
Manners are also important in getting along with people. You're more confident when you know how to do things the right way. Good manners will keep you from hurting others' feelings, too. Like you, most people are trying to bolster up their self-confidence. Don't knock the props from under them when they pretend they are already what they'd like to be.

The girl who's overweight, for instance, may pretend she's more popular than she is. But if she's working on her diet with her doctor, if she's turning down chocolate marshmallow sundaes, you can at least respect her for trying. When she does have a date, it means a lot to her, and you can understand why she needs to tell everyone about it.

So don't ridicule the mountain she may make out of every little attention paid her. And don't kid her about being fat. She may pretend not to mind. But don't excuse yourself by saying, "She laughed too—she likes it—she knows I'm just kidding." You've knocked out the props she built up to help herself face something hard.

No one can live in solitary confinement in this world. You're like a return ticket—no good if detached. So make your relations with people happy. You'll find that you will be the happier for it.

Which Twin has the Toni?



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Your mirror will show you . . . your friends will tell you that your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as a \$15 beauty shop wave. But before you try Toni you'll want to know—

Will Toni work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair?

How much curl will I have with Toni?

You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, natural-looking Toni Home Permanent. It's easy as ABC.

Will Toni save me time?

Definitely. The Toni wave puts a half-day back in your life. You don't have to spend hours away from home. While your Toni wave is "taking" you can go about your housework—do whatever you like.

How long will my Toni last?

It's guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty-shop permanent—or your money back.

How much will I save with Toni?

The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only \$2. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just \$1 . . . yet there's no finer wave at any price.

Which twin has the Toni?

Lovely Beverly Dahm says, "I like a loose, natural-looking wave. And that's just what I got with Toni. No wonder Barbara says after this we'll be Toni twins." Beverly, the twin with the Toni, is at the left.

Where can I buy Toni?

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.



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TEN DATING DON'TS

(Continued from page 21)

extended because she put him on the spot.

3. **Do you write "mushy" letters?** A girl who makes a habit of showering a boy with letters is in the same sad class as the one who overworks the telephone. If he happens to be living—or visiting—some distance away, a warm and friendly—and grown-up—letter is definitely in order.

But some teen-agers go berserk when they take hold of pen and paper. What a blow it is for a fellow to reach into his mailbox and pull out a shocking pink, midget-sized envelope that's been practically bathed in perfume! Then—she's bent over backwards trying to be gay. There are "cute" new words she's created and strung together with hyphens, and where a suitable word couldn't be found, she scribbled in a picture. The total effect is something less than adult.

4. **Do you flatter him too much?** A boy likes to be appreciated, but he squirms and feels like evaporating when, in a group, his girl pipes up with silly things like, "Everybody says Jack looks like Peter Lawford!" or, "My father says Jack would make a wonderful salesman, he has such a terrific personality!" Of course you're proud of the good-looking lad you're dating, but please don't overdo the flattery.

5. **Do you straighten his tie?** Or pull out a comb and go to work on his cowlick? No man—and particularly a teen-aged one—likes to be treated like Huckleberry Finn. Most fellows grin and bear it when their mothers fuss over them, but when the girl friend starts in, they may rear up like a bronco being roped, and charge out for the wide open spaces.

6. **Do you hang on his every word?** Naturally you want to show him you're interested in what he has to say, but there's no need to overdo it. The spectacle of a gal literally "hanging" on every word is downright silly . . . Pretty face upturned toward his, eyes staring into his, perhaps a half-smile on her lips that seems to be saying, "Gosh, you're wonderful!" And all the time he's simply telling her that his pal, Jim, has gone to spend the week end with his cousins in Delaware!

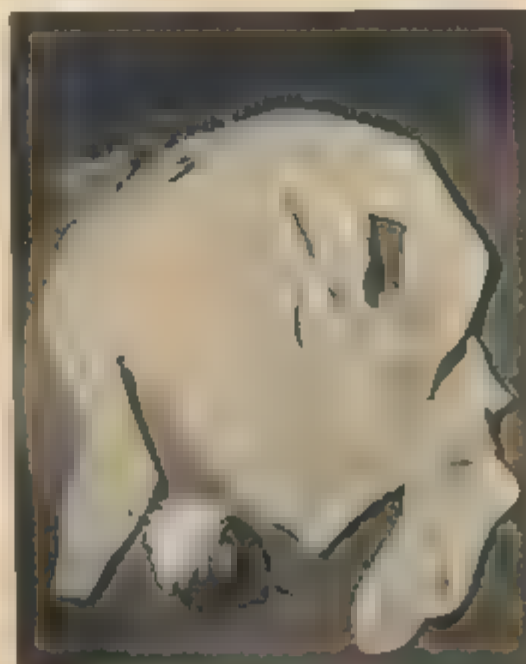
7. **Do you kiss and tell?** This one should be hand-lettered in fire-engines red. By now every teen-ager should know that it's fatal to publicize the innocent exchanges of affection that have taken place between her and her date. But many's the boy who's discovered that last night's goodnight kiss is today's chief topic of conversation among the femmes. How he suffers every time he passes a bevy of girls who fix him with one of those "Well, aren't you the big Romeo?" looks. And you can bet your disc collection that the girl who's responsible for his blushes won't be hearing from him again.

8. **Do you gossip?** Even if it's disguised as a funny story, it's gossip if it takes a swipe at somebody else's personality. The wise girl will refrain from telling her date a funny story if in the telling, somebody else ends up looking foolish. You see, most fellows reason that if a girl will take a verbal swat at Jack or Amy, what's to prevent her from doing the same thing to him the minute his back is turned? He doesn't trust her sense of humor. He doesn't feel at ease with her . . . and when a boy can't relax with a girl, he crosses her name out of his address book.

9. **Do you play the comedienne?** It's swell to sparkle, but believe me, there's a limit. Nobody wants to spend an evening with a slapstick comedienne. Most boys are more self-conscious than the girls they date, and so it's very nice if when you're out with a crowd, you sort of take the initiative and pep up what threatens to be a somewhat droopy evening. But some girls are so afraid of being a dull date that they raise their voices, giggle incessantly, and insist that the boy "loosen up and have fun." The net result is pure slapstick at the expense of their date appeal.

10. **Do you play the "coquette"?** It's not interesting but downright foolish for a girl to think that to hold a fellow's interest she has to resort to a carefully timed schedule of "tricks"—breaking dates at the very last minute . . . sprinkling her conversation with other boys' names. The girl who plays this game usually winds up playing it solo.

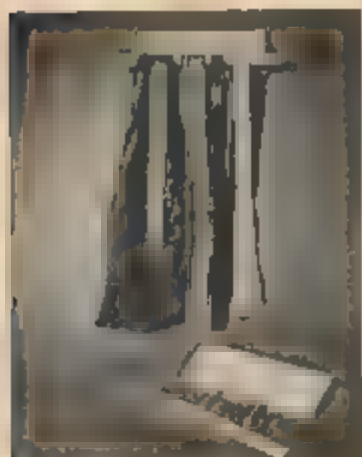
washday X news



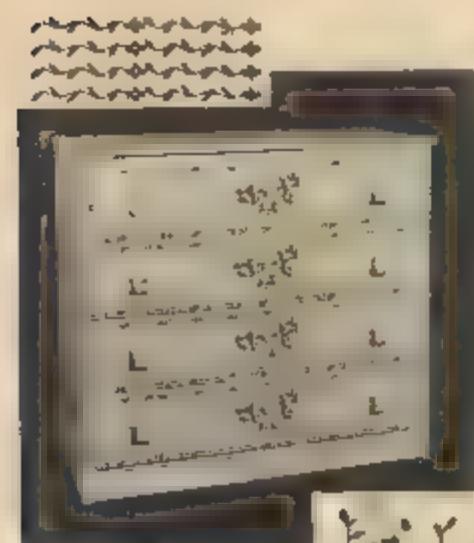
Photograph by Forkas

Shrinking sweaters and socks will soon be a thing of the past, along with shrinking violets—and who's going to miss them? Not you, certainly, once you wash wool knits that have been chemically processed to prevent shrinkage. No blocking, no stretching into shape—no tears when you put them on again, either. Look for the labels that assure you of shrinkage resistance, or ask the sales person. For instance, this Gotham sweater at about \$5 is proud of its "Lava Laine" label; these Randolph Knit wool hose at about \$1 boast a Kelpis Process label; this ball of Flasher and Bear Brand knitting yarn by Bernhard Ulmann is "Wonderize" processed. Other names you'll find on knits this year are "Kroy" and "Lanaset." They both mean Washability without Shrinkage; less work and longer wear for you.

COUNTER CUES



SO HANDY is the Hand-Rack, you'll wonder how you ever did without it! Attach it to closet door to hold your towel or a hat and scarf collection. Natural wood racks are easy to assemble and are ready for painting the color of your choice! Three for 50c. Eldora Mill & Mfg. Co., Eldora, Ill.



GOOD DECAL DECORATORS

—That's another name for Meyercord

Decals, for see how they transformed the old chest of drawers pictured above! Easy to apply, decals come in a variety of designs and colors, stay put until you remove them yourself. Each decal, 25c at chin and hardware stores



FETCHING FLOWERS are scattered over a Columbia Mills shade to give a "new look" to your windows! Permanently screen-printed bouquets can't fade, either, and 36-inch shade can be washed. Rose or yellow flowers on white background. \$5.50, plus postage. Stern Bros., New York City, New York.



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on your lips . . .
strikes
the right note
with your star
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TRICKS FOR TEENS



BALL AND CHAIN—A charming bracelet can be made from the type of silver tea ball that is attached to a chain. Simply slip the end bracelet link through the link at the base of the tea ball. Since the bottom of the tea ball unscrews, you can use it for a small change hide-away.

Phyllis Seminora, Cincinnati, O.

CUMMERBUND—The next time you buy material for a gaily-colored petticoat to wear with your ballerina skirt, get enough extra material for a cummerbund. It's particularly attractive in plaids.

Lee Freshwater, Columbus, O.

TUCKING TRICK—Here's one for the sew your-own girls—if the skirt of the school dress you are making has plenty of fullness, try substituting several tucks for the deep hem. You can graduate the size of the tucks from an inch and a half to a half inch. They're decorative, and when you need to lengthen the skirt, it is a simple matter to let out a tuck or two.

Jennie Majers, Heber Springs, Ark.

DANGLE CHARMS—Instead of keeping your baby ring or locket among your souvenirs, attach it to your charm bracelet.

Flora Graham, Chateau, Mont.

NOVELTY RUG—Save old suede purse and felt hats—the brighter the better—and when you've collected several, cut them into squares, rectangles or triangles. Sew them together the same as you would a patchwork quilt and you've a gay and practical bedside rug.

LaVenn Schmitz, Borgen, Tex.

POWDERETTE—Keep your face powder in a decorative salt or pepper shaker. When you want to powder your face you can sprinkle just the right amount on your puff and you won't be so apt to spill it on your dressing table.

Evelyn Watson, Lake Charles, La.

SPACE SAVER—When your room is too small to accommodate a desk, a practical solution is to place a wide board on the window sill and brace it underneath with two or three shelf brackets. Sandpaper the board until it is smooth and paint it the same color as the woodwork in your room. Hint—dad will be a wonderful help on this little job.

Anna Tonucci, Shelton, Conn.

DOORSTOP—When is it correct for a lady to hold the door open? When she's a doorstop. To make the doorstop, fill an empty pop bottle with sand. For the head, stuff

the toe of an old sock with cotton and tie it to the neck of the bottle. Sew on buttons for eyes, nose, and mouth or embroider them in outline. Then make a head of hair of bright wool—yellow, red, or black is ideal. Make a gay gingham dress for the lady and she's ready to stop doors.

June Gaskins, Winchester, Va.

TO COIN A BELT—If you've a collection of old coins that you would like to use to advantage, have a hole drilled in each one near the edge and sew them onto the bottom edge of your suede or cloth belt.

Frances Riehl, Eunice, La.

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens Published

As we said before, we want new and different tricks but the pickings have been mighty slim of late because a lot of them have been the same old thing. We know you have lots of "know how" so how about trying for some new ideas? Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 260 Fourth Ave., New York 10 N.Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS and cannot be acknowledged or returned.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Continued from page 36)

Robert Stack—Anyone's entitled to the privacy of personal mail. Matter of fact, there's a law! Just tell your mother how much this specific privacy means to you. Don't dramatize the explanation or demand the courtesy. Maybe her life lacks interest or excitement and she gets a vicarious pleasure out of your letters. But if you tell her it's a courtesy to let you have the pleasure first, and to let you decide which letters you want to show, maybe she'll realize that good manners keep a person from certain curiosities.

Probably because I'm an only child, my mother refuses to let me join the gang on hikes, hay rides and such things for fear I'll get hurt. I miss a lot of fun and feel like a sissy. How can I convince her that none of these things is dangerous?

Mrs. Stack—Your mother just cares greatly for your well-being. Every mother starts to be afraid of what can happen to her child the moment it is born. I've had a great battle with my fears, but my desire that my sons enjoy their youth and strength, that I not interfere with their enjoyment by fear-inspired limitations of their love of healthy, normal pleasures has disciplined my fears. Perhaps if your mother could understand how unhappy and restricted you feel she would battle her fears alone and not burden you because of them.

Robert Stack—Too much maternal concern becomes a smothering fear. And that fear deprives a kid, no fooling. You probably

can't persuade your mother that normal activities aren't dangerous—there's danger in walking up and down stairs, for that matter. But maybe you can make her see that too protective an attitude prevents your enjoyment, prevents your healthy development and the respect of your crowd. I know my mother has been frightened when I played polo, when I raced my boats, when I had my racing car. Maybe she's even worried when I've been hunting, skung, or aquaplaning. But she's never tried to stop me. She's stifled these fears in her own consciousness—not stifled my life with her fears. And that, tough as it is, is what mothers are supposed to do.

I'm always getting into arguments with my family and friends because of my temper. I'd like some advice on how to really control it.

Mrs. Stack—Control your temper as you would any other emotion. By using it—never letting it use you. Develop your sense of humor. Develop your perspective on yourself. Keep seeing yourself in relation to others. To do all this you'll have to learn to think before you speak—and if you do you'll find your silences longer, your words less argumentative and more authoritative. I like a person with some temper, some temperament. But just enough to be exciting—not boring.

Robert Stack—Control it, period. Start by keeping your mouth shut when you start to fry. After all, you can't put your foot into

it if your mouth is closed. But if you find that you can't shut up, locate the nearest exit—and use it.

I've a bad habit of wanting to get in on everything anyone is doing or saying. This is disagreeable and irritating, not only to others but to me also. How can I overcome this habit?

Mrs. Stack—Listening is the most rewarding habit one can form. The person who listens best seldom misses much and winds up knowing more than the one who is buzzing busily about. Actually, your wanting to be in on everything indicates a desperate attempt to compensate for a lack you feel within yourself. Fill your consciousness with all you learn by sitting quietly, listening happily, and confidences you've never hoped for will come to you. You'll be trusted because you don't talk. No one is irritated by a good listener.

Robert Stack—An eager interest is enchanting. An active curiosity is instructive. An inquisitive person is a boor. Just find the balance by asking yourself how you'd like someone else to ask you each question—before you ask it of others.

My older brother is always criticizing me and comparing me with his girl friend. I don't think his girl friend is so exceptional but how can I stop his criticism which seems so unfair?

Mrs. Stack—Of course your brother's girl friend doesn't seem exceptional to you. But

remember she does to him. Try being flattered that he compares you at all! And let your sense of humor work a little. Maybe the reason you resent his suggestions and feel they are super-critical is because he just may be right. It hurts most when that is so. But if you'll analyze his suggestions—accept those you find have merit—you may be glad, and you'll all be happier.

Robert Stack—Wait a minute, doll-face. Why not get a detached viewpoint on what your brother has to say? Try to take the criticism objectively. You may not think so, but could be you're getting some inside dope on what men like and don't like about women. Anyway, it won't hurt to look at it from that angle—and thank him. Even a critic can't resist appreciation.

I became angry with a boy and realized immediately afterward how foolish I'd been. He won't speak to me now so I can't apologize. How can I straighten out the matter?

Mrs. Stack—A simple straightforward note in which you apologize, if you were altogether wrong, or seek to iron out the misunderstanding with obvious sincerity and regard, is all you can—or should—do. If the boy isn't gracious about that—doesn't forgive and forget—then you'd best forget him. But in either case resolve not to let your anger victimize you the same way again.

Robert Stack—You've got two chances. Invite a crowd over for an evening. Invite the guy, too. If he's any kind of a Joe he'll accept—gladly. If he doesn't—and you still want to apologize, write him a straightforward note. If that doesn't make him forget his peeve, well—then he wants out. And you'd best forget him, honey.

The boys in our gang always ask for dates at the last minute. We think this is very inconsiderate and selfish of them but haven't been able to break them of the habit. Could you suggest anything?

Mrs. Stack—An inflexible rule of any kind usually gets broken sooner or later. If you don't like last minute invitations—don't accept them. That's simple. On the other hand you may find that the boy you like best has that bad habit, and then where'll you be? I think you only notice the importance of when the boy calls because you don't care too much about him. So that date isn't important and needn't be accepted.

Robert Stack—Ask yourself why the boys ask for dates at the last minute. Are they working? Does their work make it tough to plan ahead on social engagements? Maybe their budgets aren't so dependable, either. Analyze their habit from that angle. If none of these explanations hold and you don't enjoy a spontaneous invitation, just skip the date. I notice you say "the boys in our gang." If it's a sort of group bad habit, then you gals will have to reform 'em, and that you gals will have to work together to accomplish. Can you count on the other gals?

Jane Irwill

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BLACK QUILTED COTTON SKIRT
with red or green stitching, about \$6
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TEEN SIZES 10 to 16

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62 DERBY SPORTSWEAR, 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

QUIET EVENING (Continued from page 51)

Hilda pulled off her sweater and skirt and kicked her loafers into the closet. After she'd washed carefully and put on her lipstick she noticed a little red bump on her forehead. She picked up her comb and pushed her bangs down over it. From underneath a pile of underwear in her dresser drawer, she extracted a pair of new stockings. The cellophane bag made a pleasant crackling noise as she tore it open and slipped the cool nylons on her legs. Her mother's voice sounded from the hall below.

"Hilda, your father and I are going to the movies now. By the way, who is your date tonight? Get home early." The voice faded out as Mrs. Walker proceeded to the door without waiting for her question to be answered.

Hilda straightened the stocking seams and slipped her dress on. It was last year's brown linen but still very nice-looking. She surveyed herself in the mirror anxiously.

The phone in her mother's bedroom started to ring and Hilda hurried in to answer it.

A masculine voice said, "Hello, is this Hilda Walker?"

"Yes, who is this, please?"

"Well, this is Jimmy Benton, Stu's older brother. Stu didn't feel too well this evening and Mother thought it best if he stayed in. He asked me to call you and say that he's terribly sorry about tonight."

"Oh! Well—uh—tell him I hope he feels better. Good-by."

Hilda put down the phone quickly and went back to her room. The girl on the radio was singing *Near You*. Hilda shut it off and sat down on the bed, her head on her knees. The clock ticked very loudly in the silence, and the lamp, as if it sensed her unhappiness, seemed not to burn so brightly.

Something painful was pushing at Hilda's throat. It was the kind of feeling she got before crying, but there were no tears now.

"It isn't as though he jilted you," she told herself aloud. "He just couldn't come, and that's that. So stop feeling sorry for yourself." The lecture helped to get rid of the pain in her throat. She pulled her pajamas out from under the pillow and slipped them on.

When she got into bed the comforting coolness of the sheets felt good against her body and she reached up and switched off the lamp. She felt very tired and lonely as she lay in the semi-darkness, watching the shadows of the cars in the street below move across the ceiling.

She must have fallen asleep because the next thing she knew she was awakened by sounds in the next room. She looked at the clock on the night table beside the bed. Its luminous hands pointed to 12:45. She could hear her mother and father talking in low tones.

She slipped her feet into her slippers and pattered into her parents' room. Her father was lying in bed reading an evening paper, while Mrs. Walker stood in front of the mirror putting cream on her face. Her father looked up over his paper.

"Sugar, what are you doing up? Did you have a nice time?"

"Uh, huh," she lied carefully. "We just sat around and talked. How was the picture?"

"Very interesting," Mrs. Walker replied. "A mystery. One of the best I've seen." Suddenly she remembered something. "Oh, Hilda, you'll never guess who we saw sitting across the aisle. That nice girl, Sonnie Hoffman, and the Benton boy, Stuart."

POPULARITY BEGINS WITH A HAT

Entry Blanks for the contest—"POPULARITY BEGINS WITH A HAT" are available in the Teen Departments of these stores. If your town is not listed write Contest Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave New York 17, N. Y., for name of nearest participating store. See announcement of contest on page 26.

Akron, O. M. O'NEIL CO.
Albany, N. Y. THE LITTLE FOLKS SHOP
Altoona, Pa. THE WM. F. GABLE CO.
Asbury Park, N. J. STEINBACH CO.
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Buffalo, N. Y. E. W. EDWARDS & SON
Buffalo, N. Y. HENS & KELLY
Burlington, Vt. THE FASHION SHOP
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Mason City, Ia. ALDENS
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Milwaukee, Wisc. GIMBELS
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Waterbury, Conn. HOWLAND-HUGHES CO.
Watertown, N. Y. H. ELLIS INC. (GLOBE STORE)
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. POWELL, DICK & WALKER
Williamsport, Pa. BROZMAN'S
Williamsport, Pa. L. L. STEARNS & SONS

FROM BARD TO VERSE

(Continued from page 51)

followed that one with another couplet:

I saw a bird up in the tree
The bird in the tree saw me.

Reconsider before you laugh. These were gems from the mouth of a babe. I still tingle with pleasure when I recall with what great acclaim one of my more ambitious works was received when I was in the second grade. It was a tragic epic entitled "I and the Sky." This was it . . .

One day I saw a birdie fly
It was flying high in the sky
I stopped to watch it fly (it appears my juvenile mind wanted it definitely astonished that the bird was flying)

And wished that it was I.

Oh, how pretty that birdie was

Just like a handkerchief with fuzz.

My teachers felt this to be the simple longing of a child for nature. Many times I caught one of them unawares and watched with fiendish glee as she sniffed perceptibly while reading my simple, heartbreaking verse.

You see, they didn't realize what a great racket I had. I was not an overly studious child . . . on the contrary, I recall one day when I spent three hours in class trying to figure out 2×2 . It was not the arithmetic, mind you, but the principle of the thing.

As a matter of fact, many was the day I decided to repay my teachers for their kindnesses to me, and so I relieved them of my presence and stayed home. Fortunately, however, I had a way with words, and by feeding them *tree* and *me*, and *flower* and *shower* I found that they looked upon me as a child prodigy.

I sailed along happily until I reached 3B. Then began my decline.

There was one Angie Schwartz, a hardy little ten-year-old gangster who was even more prolific and (I console myself) more dul than I. Angie, however, was not content playing second fiddle to me, since my reputation was established and his fairly new. He suggested one day that poetry was not my medium of expression (the selfish monster) and had the gall to request I limit my output to one poem a week. When I confidently refused, he shattered my equilibrium by showing me a small green book then foreign to me. A rhyming dictionary, he called it. I was impressed. Was there, then, an escape from the eternal stickiness of *flower* and *shower*?

He informed me that the book was a gift from a king who lived in Persia and said that he was the only one who had possession of it. (At this late date, I can acknowledge his superior imagination.) It seemed the book was supposed to contain every rhyme known to man, and Angie was going to take advantage of each one of them. Did I want to be defeated in disgrace, Angie taunted. Certainly not, he assured me, I wanted to retire with dignity and make way for the new poet laureate of P.S. 17.

Laid to rest were my tired *tree's* and *me's*. Buried with them, was, I prefer to think, the talent of a potentially great child poet. Who knows?

But all that was long ago, and now that Angie is out of my life, and I have nothing to fear from him or his rhyming dictionary, I feel I must try my pen at poetry again. Let me see. . .

The flower has finally seen the sun

Its petals have opened, its work has begun.

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WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

(Continued from page 40)

it in most jobs, as you'll find when you start working.

A reliable economist has predicted that within 10 years, 15% of all girls will graduate from college. In some localities the percent will be much higher. So, in order to hold your own and be one of the best, you will want to go to college. You will want to go to college even if studying is a little hard for you. Most girls who have had average or above average grades in high school can also make the grade in college. Of course all of us don't have equal brain power, but also few of us use all we do have.

Don't say you can't afford to go on with more education. Why not work part-time and during the summer to pay part of your expenses? In fact, you should think of this as part of your education, too. Your studies will have more meaning for you if you get more first-hand knowledge of the world outside of school.

Another good idea is to work for a year or two between high school and college. This is a good plan not only if you can't get into the college you want at once or if you need the money, but also if you want to give yourself a chance to grow up a bit before going on to so-called advanced education. Girls who have done this say that it's a good idea. Their college courses seem more related to the real world.

For example, if you work in a place where they have a union and have seen unionism at work, your course in economics will have more meaning. Or you can use a year of work as a means of trying out your interests. Maybe after you've been a helper in the kitchen of a nursery, you will know you want to be a dietitian, or you may discover you don't want that. Maybe you'll decide to specialize in child psychology instead when you go to college.

Of course you must make up your mind beforehand not to be tempted to keep on working. The little knowledge you get by working will be valuable only if it is enriched by the best thinking of the ages which you will get in college. You may think that you know all about children after a year helping in a nursery school. But you will be surprised at the things you never thought about until you get some college courses in psychology.

No girl has to worry any more about feeling too old for her class, if she stays out of college for a year. Now that so many G.I.'s have gone back to school, you will find plenty of older company. Colleges are filled with boys who have had to take more than one year out between high school and college. The deans say they are good students, too.

And speaking of these ambitious veterans who are going to college now, remember that they are going to be your companions, co-workers, and husbands. That's another reason you should get as much education as possible. You don't want to feel inferior to the boys. You'll know the same big words they have learned. When the boys talk about government and world affairs, you can talk with

them more intelligently if you've studied history and sociology. Even when you're talking about your friends, you will speak with more understanding because you've studied psychology. More and more high schools and colleges are gearing their courses to just average folks like you and me, who want an education even though they don't plan to be college professors.

If it's not possible for you to take four more years of school, don't by-pass the idea of advanced education entirely. There are junior colleges that give two-year finishing courses, night classes, adult education and extension courses. If you want to keep abreast of your friends, get some additional schooling.

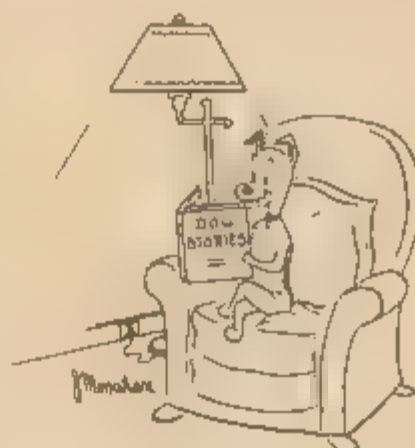
Are you trying to decide what course you should take in high school? There are a few rules that might help. If you are preparing definitely to go to work, *learn a field of work rather than one occupation*. For example, learn all the office skills, not merely one job such as typing. Or in college learn all related sciences, not just one.

Take the kind of course that will allow you to go on with more education. For example, if you want commercial subjects, take a general course so you can go on to college or to nurses' training if you change your mind. If you like science, take the required science subjects even though you aren't sure of your goal. You may be a physician, a pharmacist, a nurse, or a laboratory technician.

Take as great a variety of subjects as you possibly can. In other words, don't put all your eggs in one basket. One girl I know told me that when she planned to specialize in French in college she decided to take a minimum number of courses in her major subject and to get as many other courses as she could in other subjects. She was a better French teacher because she also knew other things.

Another important thing to take into account is that it is the kind of person you are that counts most. Our enjoyment of life as well as our ability to get or hold a job depends mostly on our character. It is a fact that our success in life depends as much on the development of good habits and personal qualities as on the acquisition of knowledge and skill. Take advantage of every chance to join any activity where you can work jointly with others and learn what really makes other people as well as yourself tick. Most life activities in and out of the job involve cooperation with others.

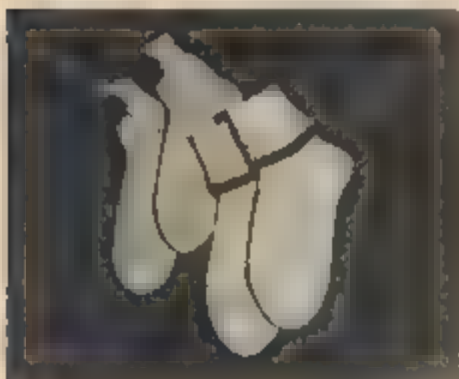
Editor's Note: If the family budget can't stand the strain of your going on to college, you'll want to read "College on a Shoestring" in the September issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS. By Mrs. Marion K. Stocker, assistant editor at the College of Home Economics of Cornell University, this informative article tells you how girls can get through college on their own by means of jobs, scholarships, and loans. You'll also find Mrs. Stocker's suggestions useful now if you'd like to earn some money while you're still in high school.



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Wear the ancient order of the Highland Light Infantry on ribbon around the neck of your classic sweaters or as a pin. By Agnew, about \$3, teen shop of Gimbel's, Philadelphia, Pa. Casha-Knit sweaters by Selecteens.



To dress up your sweaters, repeat the gold of your belt in the trim of your white wool socks by Randolph Knit, about \$2. Be first of your crowd to wear the Pompon anklet by Trumfit, about 59c at Gimbel's, New York.



When you wear your sweater outside, add a narrow bronze snakeskin belt by Marilyn of Dallas, about \$2.50, at Saks-34th, New York. With tuck-ins, a wider calf belt by Debutante, about \$3 at Bloomingdale's, New York.



Conversation Scarfs:—Footwear printed on spun rayon by Glensder, under \$2.00 at Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo. A drawing lesson on silk, about \$3, B.G., Jr., at Korrick's, Phoenix, Ariz. Coca-Cola design by Baar & Beards, about \$2 at Gimbel's, New York.

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MAKE A FACE FOR BEAUTY

by **LOUISE CARLISLE**

Did you know that the funny faces you make at yourself in the mirror or in speech class are an important part of your daily skin-care routine? Facial exercises whip up the circulation, bring a rosy glow to your skin, and, according to a New England physician, are a boon to skins troubled by blackheads and bumps. Wonderful, too, for gals with sallow or sluggish complexions.

Of course exercise alone can't improve your complexion unless you also observe the

basic principles of correct cleansing. A thorough scrub twice a day with a spanking clean washcloth or soft-bristled complexion brush and mildly medicated complexion soap is a "must." Concentrate on the area around your nose and chin where blackheads and blemishes find a cozy nesting place. If your skin is very oily or blemished, scrub your face three or four times daily, using hot instead of lukewarm water. Then to bed with a layer of soothing, medicated cream on your face to help speed away those unsightly blemishes. And never—yes, we said *never*—pick or press your face. Picking and squeezing only enlarge the pores, bruise the skin, and generally re-infect the bump.

And don't discount the important role that a clean scalp plays in keeping your skin clear and healthy. Nightly brushing with sparkling clean brush plus a weekly shampoo will keep your hair and scalp free of scaly particles and dandruff. Always use

Photographs Courtesy of Cuticura Products



Place the index fingers on the sides of forehead. Gently raise and lower the skin of the forehead about twenty-five times.



Say "Ah!" Draw down the lower jaw as far as possible, stretching the face. Do it twenty or thirty times during the day.



Push the lower jaw forward and backward, then from side to side. Do twenty times. Repeat at convenient times during the day.

a protective cape around your shoulders to prevent pores from becoming infected.

Practice your facial exercises while listening to the radio or baby sitting, or steal away to the privacy of your own room and emote in front of your mirror. It's really lots of fun and better still, a co-ordinated routine of daily facial exercise and skin care will start you on the way to a softer, smoother complexion in no time at all.

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Keep your money handy in colorful and smooth accessories of Crompton plaid corduroy, equipped with Talon Slide Fasteners. For free "how-to-make 'em" leaflets, send stamped, addressed envelope to Nimble Thimble, **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Magazine, 260 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



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You're quick on the draw for your bus fare in mittens with Talon-fastened palm.

Carry your books in a bag with Talon-fastened pocket for cosmetics and change.



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First on your school list... these lovable age-proportioned "Schoolmates," each with two rows of fresh white saddle stitching to set off gleaming, washable, scuff-proof plastic calf. In autumn brown, fireman red, dark green, russet tan, navy, brown or black.



"TEENTOWN"—with gold-finished solid brass lock, perfect for initials. Fitted with pencil, pad, mirror, change purse. Rayon skin lined. Adjustable strap. About \$4.



MOPPET—lined with gay plaid and fitted with pencil, pad, mirror, change purse. About \$3.

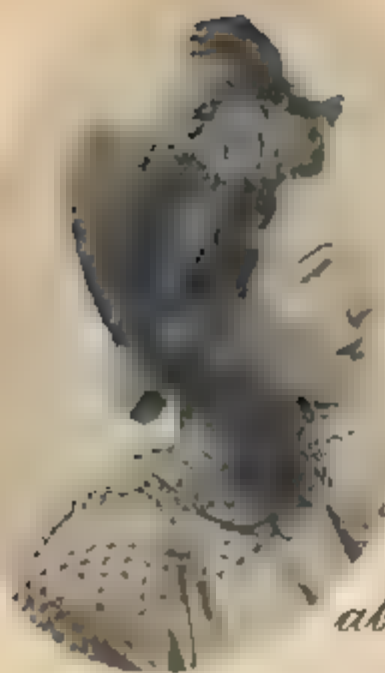


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SING A SONG OF SALADS

finishes with a large pool of dressing in the bottom of the bowl. Experts usually toss their salad at the table. Be sure to use a bowl large enough to avoid spilling. Oh, yes, it's "good form" to sample the salad before serving your guests.

This makes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup dressing, ample to serve 4 people. Personally, we like to double the recipe so there's more if one of our guests wants more . . . and so we can store some in the refrigerator in the tightly covered jar for future use.

Peach Banana Fan—For each salad arrange a lettuce cup at back of salad plate now place half a peach, pear, or apricot in lettuce cup; cherry, berry, or grape goes into center. Peel and cut a banana lengthwise into three slices and arrange three half slices in fan shape across front of plate. A bit of water cress looks pretty.

Serve with a Fruit French Dressing, made by combining and shaking vigorously (in a Mason jar) 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, and 1 tablespoon honey or sugar. Remember to shake just before serving.

Party Gelatin Dream—Here is a dessert salad. Prepare any red fruit-flavored gelatin strictly according to the directions on the package. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 2 bananas that have been cut up. Turn into a large mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with slices of ripe fluted banana, grapes, or other seasonal fruit. To flute a banana, run the prongs of a fork lengthwise down a peeled banana, then slice crosswise or diagonally. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Shrimp Salad Is Satisfying—Another salad-meal combines 2 cups of cooked or canned shrimp, broken or not, as you like; 1 cup of heartstalks of celery, chopped; 3 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped; and 1 green pepper, coarsely chopped. Mix lightly with French dressing or with chili sauce mayonnaise.

Chili Sauce Mayonnaise—Simply combine 1 cup of real mayonnaise with ½ teaspoon of lemon juice, 2 teaspoons of chili sauce, and 1 teaspoon of prepared mustard. Mix these ingredients thoroughly and you'll have 1½ cups of chili sauce mayonnaise.



smooth as a senior in COTTON BLOUSES

Photographs by Farlow



Frilly Gibson blouses are as out of date as last year's school newspaper, in change to a crisp cotton "Dandy" shirt with jeweled studs. By Judy Kent, about \$5, at the Emporium, St. Paul, Minn.; Hale Bros. San Francisco, Calif. Portable typewriter by Royal.



Newest blouse and skirt team is calico print and corduroy. Here's a blouse of Fuller calico print Tuffaton, with Victorian shoe buttons down the front. By Barcoe, About \$5 at Yering's, Austin, Texas; Oreck's, Duluth, Minn. Portable typewriter by Remington Rand



The calico print of her blouse is as Victorian as her haircut is modern. It's Fuller Tuffaton by Teen Fashions. In red or green to wear with dark corduroy. Under \$6 at Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis, Ind.; Stewart's, Louisville, Ky. Portable typewriter by Underwood

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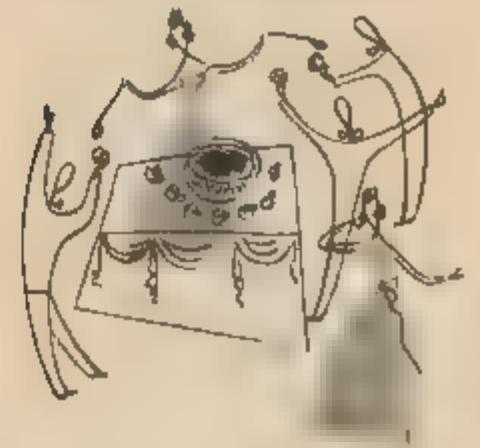
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Feeding the multitude

Whether you plan a beach party, a park picnic, or mean to stay in your own back-yard, here are a few ideas that are delicious and different. Working with the familiar good old hamburgers or ever-ready frankfurters, you can dare to be different

Yard-Long Hamburgers

Or, "Let's Be Big About It." There's no rule that says hamburgers must always be snuggled into soft, fat buns.

Long French bread loaf
¼ pound butter or margarine
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 pound beef, freshly ground,
with ¼ pound salt pork
Seasonings

Split long French bread in half length-wise. Soften ¼ pound butter or margarine and add onion juice that has been made by squeezing a cut onion like an orange, or by grating on the vegetable grater. Spread bread with mixture and toast very lightly under broiler or in hot oven. Make thin hamburgers seasoned to your taste and place side by side all down the lower half of the loaf. Cover with toasted top half of loaf. To serve, cut in eatable lengths.

Hamburger Flavor Variations: Work celery seeds, slightly toasted poppy seeds, or toasted and chopped pine nuts into the salted and peppered ground meat . . . add bread crumbs that have been soaked in milk . . . add cooked rice or hominy mixed with melted butter or margarine and tomato paste . . . add onion juice and grated onion . . . or prepared mustard . . . minced green peppers . . . minced ripe olives . . . minced cooked mushrooms.

Cheese-Stuffed Franks

1 pound (6 to 8) frankfurters
1 cup grated American cheese
½ cup chopped peanuts
Frankfurter rolls

Cut a long split in each frankfurter and fill with mixture of cheese and peanuts. Place in pan and set 5 to 6 inches under broiler for seven or eight minutes. Or place in grill and hold over glowing coals till cheese is melted. Serve on frankfurter rolls, with sweet or sour pickles.

by Juanita Wittenborn



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Your beauty wardrobe needs replenishing for that slick back-to-school look. Here are some of the "musts" for a clean beauty slate.



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A pretty powder case is a necessary beauty accessory. This one with a Gay Nineties motif is colorful enamel on gold metal by Wadsworth. Lovely and economical too. \$1.00 no tax, at Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila., Pa.



Rose Luid's Purse Kit can take you through a complete day at school. Containing Fresh-up, Protective Make-up Film, and Lipstick, plus room for odds and ends, it's a purse in itself. \$1.50 at The Fair, Chicago, Illinois.

How's Your Quiz Quotient?

See how many of these pairs you can identify:

1. What famous pair of lovers in an opera about a heart-broken clown is depicted here?
2. "Sparkle" is the baby of what pair of comic strip characters?
3. What pair of women is mentioned in the oft-quoted saying which ends "ore tters under their skins"?

ANY SMART GIRL CAN IDENTIFY THIS PAIR:



"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"



Style Number 3126

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Columbine and Harpagon in L'Ecume du Paradis, a play by Moliere
2. Cinderella and the Fairy Godmother
3. The Colonel's Lady
4. Red Goose Shoes

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At leading teen and girdle departments.

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BEAU-BRA FOUNDATIONS, INC.
171 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16



A VERY WEIGHTY QUESTION

(Continued from page 29)

back, "You know perfectly well what it is. I forgot to stick it in the diaper can. . . ."

And voices in the night, irritable and irritating voices. "I thought they took them off the middle-of-the-night feeding in the hospital. How come he eats at 2 A.M.?" That was Jerry.

He's strange, that's why." That was Joanie.

"I'll buy that, all right," Jerry again. And it went on and on.

Joanie became less attractive every day. She no longer had time or strength to roll up her hair nights, and it hung about her face, lank and dank, like seaweed on a rock.

"What ails you, ghoulpuss?" Jerry asked her at supper one evening. "Betty Grable has babies and looks like a million bucks, but you—you're strictly from the House of Usher."

"Drop dead," Joanie said briskly, but she lowered her eyelashes, and Mrs. Murray could see that her chin was quivering, and she thought with quick compassion, "Why, the child's at her wits' end."

While they were doing the dishes, she drew Joanie out a little. "Don't let this Binky business get you," she said. "After all, only three weeks more. It's not as if he were a lifetime proposition."

"Oh, Mom," Joanie said, "Motherhood must be grim. Never being able to send them home. Ever."

Mrs. Murray smiled and patted Joanie's head. "Stop making such a thing of Binky, Joanie. Live your own life, and fit him into it. Take him to the tennis courts and on your picnics and dates. . . ."

"Dates?" Joanie turned tragic eyes to her mother. "Dates, she says. Do you know," Joanie went on in a soft, unbelieving voice, "that I'm the only girl in our class who has never, never had a date?"

"Wait till you Get Thin With Min, darling," Mrs. Murray said gently. "You'll see. Why, you have the prettiest little face, and the best sense of humor." She leaned over and hugged her resisting daughter. "Why, darling," she cried, "I honestly do believe you've lost some weight without Min."

"If I could just unload Binky occasionally," Joan was murmuring against her mother's shoulder, "so I could wash my hair or something, so I'd dare venture into the street again. If I just didn't look like Miss Hideous of '48 all the time." Mrs. Murray patted Joanie's tousled head and made soft comfort.

"Mom will help you, dear," she promised, knowing herself to be a spineless jellyfish of a woman. She'd vowed she'd have no part of the Binky affair, and yet—and yet. . . . "Don't you worry, angel," she said.

The next morning, Mrs. Murray gave Binky his breakfast, and Joanie had time to shower and shampoo. When she sat down to breakfast she drank the orange juice and milk, but she just looked at the cinnamon toast without touching it.

"You know, Mom," she murmured wonderingly, "I think Binky's gotten me out of the habit of stuffing my face. I didn't have time to eat and eat this week, and now—I don't seem to want to."

Mrs. Murray fixed her a soft-boiled egg, and the cinnamon toast was put aside to

'sweetie...

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plus postage. Send extra crotch at 49c each (U.S.).
If not completely satisfied I may return within 10
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make bread pudding for that omnivorous beanpole Jerry.

After breakfast, Joan set out for the tennis courts with Binky in his stroller, and Mrs. Murray watching from the porch thought, "Is it just my eyes, or is the child getting thinner?"

Down at the tennis courts, Joanie discovered that with Binky in tow, she became, miraculously, a Character. Positively a fascinating female. Sensational numbers like Swifty Hines grinned at her between sets, and well—ever afterward, it seemed to Joanie that that was the morning life began. . . .

The next day, she got all dressed in her tailored gray chambray and red morcasins, and she set out with Binky. But somehow she couldn't bear to go near the tennis courts. Yesterday had been so perfect, she couldn't have survived if today were different. And so she went over to Main



Street instead and deliberately passed up Stephanie's Sweet Shoppe, her usual stopping off place.

Bill Hayner, who was working at the Super-Market, yelled "Hi" at her, and a truck driver whistled, and when Joanie got home she hopped on the scales and learned to her ecstasy that she'd lost four big fat pounds. Then Bets Warren phoned breathlessly to report that Swifty Hines had asked for her that morning.

"What did he say?" Joanie prodded her. "Tell me exactly, word for word."

"What he said was," Bets told her excitedly, "and you know his supercharged voice. Well, what he said was, 'Where's the little mother?'"

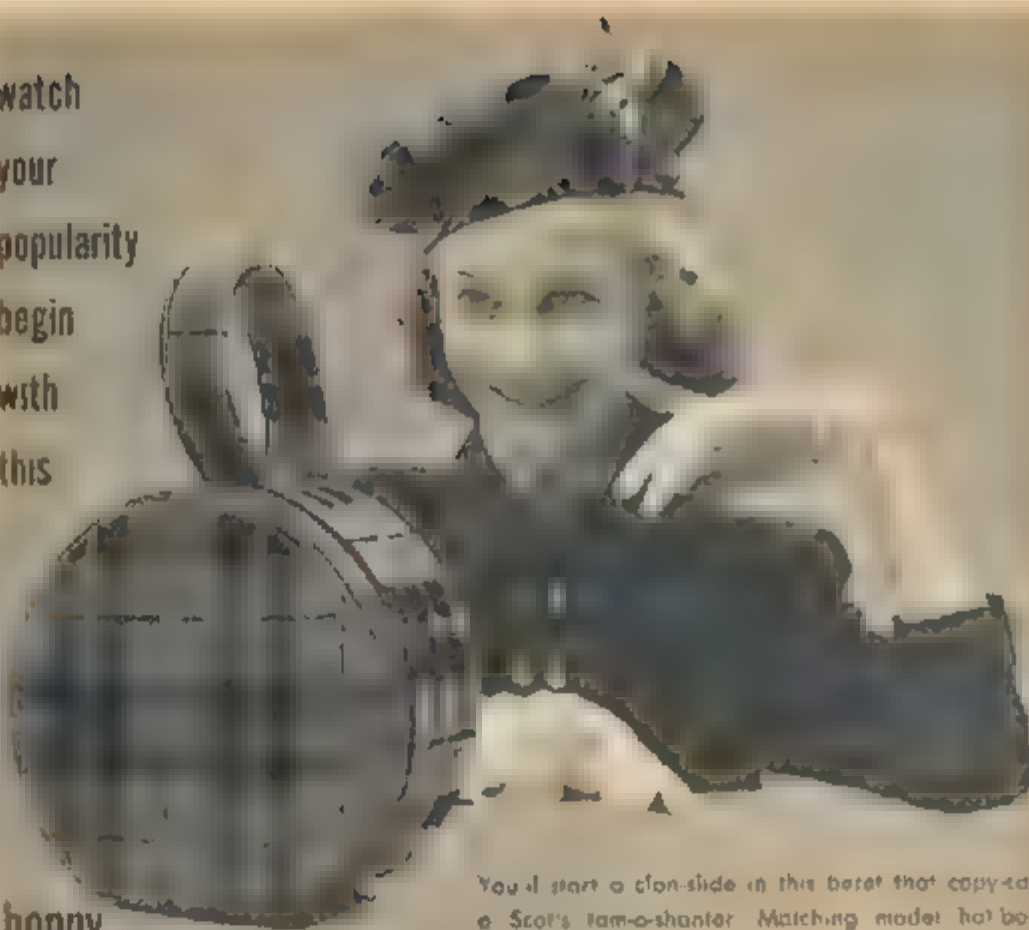
Joanie giggled, but she felt more like bawling. "Where's the little mother?" Spoken by Swifty Hines, the president of the student council and absolutely the nicest, kindest boy in the entire world, these were the most beautiful words she'd ever heard.

It was a funny thing what Binky did for her now that she had time to pull herself together mornings and was no longer the local Mrs. Dracula. With Binky she didn't feel fat and wallflowerly and dull-witted when there were boys around. Binky gave her something to do with her hands and feet, and with him she felt—well—at first just rather cute, but by Saturday, she was feeling downright devastating.

Strange, she thought, discovering for herself one of the fundamental truths, when you feel devastating, why, strangely enough

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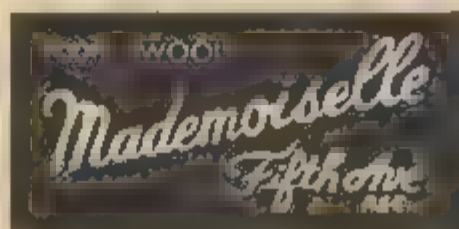


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all of a sudden you discover that you are. And that day at the courts when Swifty had finished his three sets, he dropped down next to Binky and Joan on his way to the lockers.

"Hey, Maw," he said, pushing Binky's nose with a square brown finger. "How's for going on a picnic with me tomorrow?" Joanie shut her eyes against that one. It was so sharply wonderful. When she opened them, Binky had slid away and was devouring a tennis ball.

As Joanie reached out for him, she remembered. Tomorrow Binky's uncle was coming. It was part of the agreement with the Hoyts. She had to be home to talk to him. Tomorrow she had to stay home and discuss Binky all day with some fat old push-faced—

"Swifty," she mourned. "Not tomorrow. This goon is coming. This—this person. Binky's uncle."

Swifty's smoke-gray eyes with the shiny lashes long enough to knit a pair of Argyle socks out of, looked into hers.

"You're not kidding me, Joanie? I mean, if—if you're all stitched to some other guy, just let me know."

"Cross my heart, Swifty." He gave her shoulder a little squeeze, and scrambled to his feet. "Okay—if it can't be Sunday, let's make it Monday."

When Joanie opened her eyes to sunshine and blue skies Sunday morning, she didn't know how she'd get through the day. The one bright spot was that the red leather belt to her navy linen had got too big for her, and she had to borrow her mother's.

Binky's uncle was due at three. At three-ten he arrived, and Joanie positively gasped when she saw him. The first thing she noticed out of the living-room window was that he was mighty spry, taking the steps two at a time.

Then she went out on the porch with Binky and she saw that he was tall and blond, and—well, older—but not by any means the doddering old man she'd pictured.

"Miss Murray?" He put out a big firm hand and grinned at her. Joanie took the hand and grinned back. "I'm Johnny Henderson," he said. "Old Bink's uncle." Bink's uncle had a Southern accent like Binky's mother, only more so. "Hey, Binkfella, looks to me like you never had it so good."

"Binky's been a good boy," Joanie said, going into the spiel she'd prepared, anticipating a different sort of uncle. "He sleeps well, and he's gained a pound."

"Is that good?" inquired Johnny, lifting the outsized Binky with a mock groan.

"He's talking a lot more," Joanie continued. "Binky, say 'stroller.'"

"Sass," hissed Binky.

"He's saying 'shoe,'" Joanie translated. "He gets mixed up still, but he's a lot better."

Mrs. Murray appeared, and they sat on the porch and discussed Binky till half-past four, at which point Mrs. Murray went inside to get some lemonade, and Binky's uncle turned to Joanie.

"Look, I'm sold," he said, his sunburned face perspiring. "Bink's a great little old kid, but now, let's talk about somethin' else." He took one of Joan's hands in his. "Let's talk about you."

Joanie sighed. Southern men, she thought, are so smooth.

"Any place in this town where we can go dancing tonight?"

"What's wrong with right here?" Joanie

said, "I mean—we have a good radio—" "And I'll hang out a big moon," Johnny said.

So when Binky was bedded down and Sunday night supper was over, Johnny and Joan went out on the porch. They read the funnies and listened to a couple of the comedians, and then as dusk came down and the scent of honeysuckle drifted in on a small evening breeze, Johnny turned on a good fast band. He put out his hand and helped Joanie out of her chair, and they discovered that they danced perfectly together.

After a while, the band played some sweet music and Johnny held Joan close. "I'll be in town a couple of days," he said. "I'd like to see you again."

"I don't know," Joanie said, suddenly confused. She was thinking, he's smooth, all right. And good-looking. Two weeks ago, I'd have swooned if a boy like this asked me out. But—he's lemon meringue pie, and I kind of think I'm the bread-and-butter type.

"How old are you, sugar?" he asked her, putting his face close.

Joanie said, "I'm sixteen going on seventeen—" and all of a sudden she realized that they weren't dancing any more. They were standing stock-still and Johnny was kissing her.

She struggled to get away from him, but he held her, laughing down at her. "You're a big girl now," he said, still laughing, and Joanie was angrier than she'd ever been in her life. That her very first kiss should be like this. Like—well, cheap.

"You hadn't any right," she said quietly. Johnny released her slowly.

"Well, for Pete's sake," he drawled, "that's just like shakin' hands where I come from." Joanie was crying softly with anger, and Johnny picked up his hat.

"I sure didn't mean to make you mad," he said. "But you know you're a right pretty little girl." He put out his hand. "Don't be angry any more." Joanie shook his hand. You couldn't really stay angry with him. You just couldn't have much—oh, what was it—respect for him.

"Okay, I'm not angry any more," he said. Then he was gone, and almost immediately Jerry came flying up the steps with a chocolate ice-cream cone.

"Well, hi, Lana Turner," he said, and Joanie, busy gathering up lemonade glasses, wheeled to face him. "Swiftly and I were up on old Budy all day," he went on. "And we came by the house a little while ago to take you down to Stephanie's for a soda, and—wow!"

"You and Swiftly—"

"Yeah. Was he impressed!"

Joanie didn't sleep very much that night, and the next morning she couldn't even drink her orange juice and milk. She flew down to the tennis courts to explain things to Swiftly, but—while he was perfectly polite to her—he was obviously not interested in any explanations. He was just the way he'd always been before last week. Pleasant and distant. And Joanie's heart was lead.

Between sets he made a big play for Taffy Hale, and about eleven o'clock, Joanie finally put Binky back in his stroller and started home, her head high, her blues eyes blinded with tears.

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It went on like that for ten days, and Joanie lost her appetite and her sense of humor, and finally Jerry said, "I actually think I liked you better fat and jolly than gaunt and mean."

Then Friday, the day before Binky was to go home, something happened that was both terrible and wonderful.

Bets and Joanie were sitting by the courts, when suddenly they heard Binky scream, and when Joanie picked him up she saw that his face and hands were covered with blood.

Bets began to yell, too, and Joanie, faint with fright, dabbed at Binky with her handkerchief, frantically trying to find the cut. She felt dizzy and ill, and then, miraculously, Swifty was there, had taken Binky in his arms; and Joanie, white as a sheet, sat still on the ground, gritting her teeth and praying inwardly.

"Come on," Swifty said. And Joanie followed him to his bright green car, known as The Jalop.

"Is Binky all right?" she asked. He had stopped crying, and Swifty had cleaned him up so that she could see the cut in his swollen lip.

"He's okay, but Dr. Miller better check him over. He cut his lip on that new front tooth when he fell, I guess."

"I just took my eyes off him for a second," Joanie said. "Just for one second." She cradled him close, crooning to him, and Binky nuzzled into her neck. "Binky," she murmured. "Binky."

"He's okay," Swifty said. Then they were at the doctor's and Joanie got out with the baby.

"Thanks, Swifty—"

He was looking at her, but his eyes weren't warm and smoky, today. Today they were ice. "I'd have done the same for a human being," he said.

Joanie stepped back feeling as though he'd struck her. Then she turned and carried

Binky into the doctor's office.

Blak's cut wasn't deep, as it turned out, and it was nice and clean. Dr. Miller cleaned it up some more and gave him a green lollipop, and then he looked at Joan.

"You losing weight?" he demanded. She nodded.

"Looks fine," he said. "Come in next week and I'll give you a checkup—and a diet. None of this starvation stuff, if you know what's good for you, young lady."

Joanie promised and they went out to the street where The Jalop was waiting for them. Swifty opened the door.

"I'm sorry about before," he said earnestly. "I don't know why I can't mind my own business." He paused, and then he said, "Maybe because what you do seems like my business."

And then Joanie blurted out the whole story about Binky's uncle. "I didn't want him to kiss me," she finished. "I hated it. A girl's first kiss should be—oh, beautiful or something."

They were right by Ayres' pond then, and Swifty pulled the car over to the side of the road. He put his brown arm around her shoulders and looked deep in her eyes before he kissed her, a fumbling, inexperienced kiss. "Maybe that's the way it should be," he said unsteadily.

And Joanie, lightheaded with sun and the wonder of first love, murmured, "Yea, that's the way. To remember always."

They rode the rest of the way home without talking.

At her front door, Joanie said, "You know, tomorrow I'll get sixty dollars from Binky's parents for taking care of him. And I wanted the money to Get-Thin-With-Mom, and now I don't need to..."

"So, buy yourself a mink coat," Swifty grinned.

"Nope, I'm going to buy something for

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"Yes. Now what can I give him for all that he's given me? What does he really need?"

"You mean other than a dental gag and a strait-jacket?" They both laughed, and then Swifty became thoughtful.

He said, "Bink's a lucky guy. He's got just about everything. Shoes, sweaters, toys, all the milk he can drink. Hey, why not use the dough on some kid that needs it? My mom sends stuff abroad all the time. You could put Bink's name on it . . ." His enthusiasm was contagious.

Joanie said, "That's what I'll do. Oh, Swifty, that's a really swell idea. Oh, Swifty—" Her heart was so full that she couldn't say anything else, and Joanie thought—"I'm enchanted, that's what it must be. A regular ordinary person couldn't be this happy."

Binky broke the spell, climbing into her lap, wrapping his fat arms around her. "Binky's Joanie," he said, patting her face and giving her lollipop kisses. "Binky's girl."

Joanie grinned and lifted him out of the car. Just before she started up the walk, Swifty called after her.

"Break it to the little guy gently," he said, and his voice was oh! super-charged, "but he's got competition."

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1. Keep clean. Wash hands before eating and before handling food. (Don't let little folks put dirty hands, fruit, candy, or other objects into the mouth.) Keep flies and other insects away from food; keep garbage cans covered, waste cleared up. Be particular about all health habits.

2. Stay clear of crowds as much as possible.

3. Get enough rest. Late hours and fatigue lower resistance to disease.

4. Avoid chilling. Don't stay out in very cold water.

5. Stay clear of polluted water—if the Health Department says No Swimming, stay out!

6. Consult your doctor if with a fever you have headache, a cold, upset stomach, or unexplained muscular ailments. It's better to be safe.

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THE BRAT

(Continued from page 23)

had been a few years back. Remembering that small boy, he always had a little extra time, a little extra patience for those others.

But would it be the same this year, he'd wondered. The past two summers he hadn't had any other interests. In his spare time he'd hung about the Place down in the Village with all the other counselors, had drunk Cokes and listened to the juke box and flirted a bit with the girl counselors from the girls' camps around the lake.

This year was different. This year there was Mary Jo.

The night before the kids arrived he'd met her for the first time, down at the Place. He'd wandered in, tired after a strenuous day of getting the float into the water and the lines put out, had eased himself into a chair, stretched, and leaned back, not thinking of anything. A mob of little girls from one of the camps squealed and racketed about the candy counter. The two counselors with them waited until the last yelp subsided, then shooed them all out.

In the sudden silence Alan noticed the juke box playing and was conscious of the groups sitting about the tables. Then came a girl's voice through the music. "Who's the handsome blond brute sitting off by himself?"

He turned quickly. Four or five girls were seated at a table, several boys were lounging about it, and one of the girls was looking straight at him. As their glances met, she covered her mouth with her hand and pretended to be embarrassed. The boys at the table laughed.

Alan took his hands from the back of his neck, got up slowly, and sauntered across the room. All at once he wasn't tired any more.

She was pretty, much too pretty, Alan thought. Girls as pretty as that were sure to be spoiled. Although the other girls were in camp uniforms, she was wearing a light summer dress that showed off her neat small figure. Her hair was wonderfully smooth and shiny.

"Hello, Big Boy," she said, then turned and began talking to one of the other fellows. She'd timed it perfectly—that come-on look and then the sudden indifference.

The other girls were sitting back resignedly, drinking their Cokes. The boys vied with one another for her attention, and she gave a little of it to each one. All except Alan; there wasn't one flutter of her eyelids in his direction. Yet he knew, somehow, that she was interested in him, perhaps more than in any of the others. . .

He stuffed Mary Jo into a pocket of his mind and got busy with the kids. At last his three cabin-mates were sorted out, and he could give them a quick look-over.

This nursemaid business was the least attractive part of camp life. It was his job to see that these three boys went to bed and got up and kept their cabin in order and wrote letters to their parents and didn't get homesick.

As they trudged up the hill his first quick impression of the three boys was strengthened. Two of them were good kids—interested in things, asking questions, stepping on each other's heels as they looked about.

The third had nothing to say as he stamped along at the side of the path, hitting at the grass-heads as he went by.

What was his name? Bobby—or was he Dick? Hoping it was the right guess, Alan said, "Bobby, do you see the canoes down there? Look, the other side of the little bridge. Can you paddle?"

Bobby lifted his head just far enough to glance down at the lake. "No." Down went his head again, and he scuffed at the tree roots in the path.

Alan sighed. He had a brat on his hands.

How much of a brat, he and the camp learned as the first few days went by. Wherever he was, Bobby got into trouble. In the cabin he left his things scattered about. He refused pointblank to write his weekly letter home. He scrapped continually with the other two boys. He took no part in camp activities unless forced. During swimming lessons he wouldn't even go into the water.

"How can a kid be so ornery?" Alan would ask himself. "How did he get that way?" Within a few days most of the camp-

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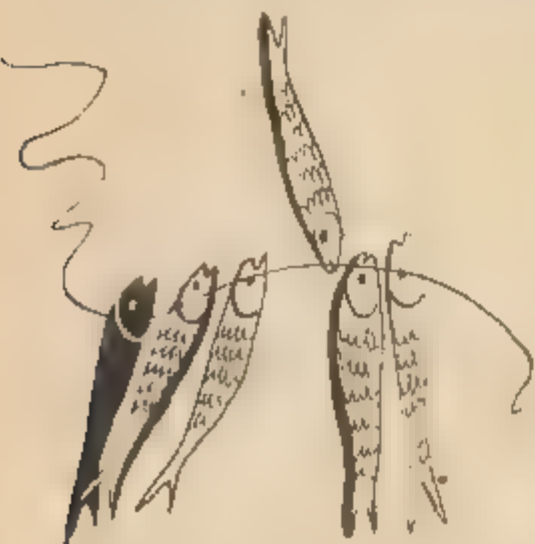
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ers had settled into a happy, busy life. What was wrong with Bobby? Was it something about his home life? Was he a child from a broken home, one of those unwanted children who get shipped off to camp to be out of the way? He looked Bobby up in the office files but got no clue. The boy lived with his own mother and father, and there was one other child, a two-months-old baby.

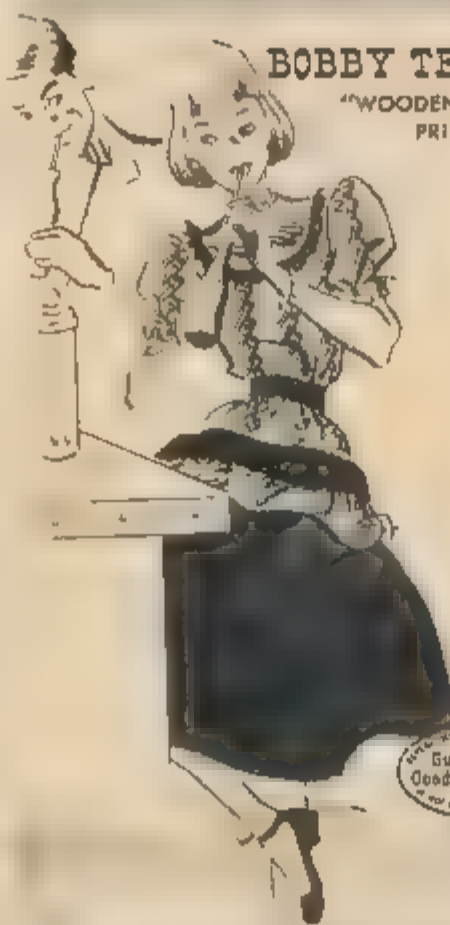
In a certain way Alan felt a kind of sympathy, almost admiration for him. He was one small boy standing by himself, defying a whole camp. Bobby was pathetic—pathetic and almost laughable.

Then Alan dismissed Bobby from his mind and began to think about Mary Jo. He'd be meeting her that afternoon—maybe. His free time in the afternoon coincided with hers, and they'd both be down at the Place—unless she'd gone off with somebody. She refused to make dates in advance. She'd turn up at the Place, look around to see who was there, and then make up her mind. Her tactics kept all the boys dangling. He'd had just one date with her, a movie. But he still had the conviction that she liked him more than the others.

Today he'd show her who was boss. He'd walk into the Place, say, "You're going canoeing with me this afternoon," and take her off in triumph.

To his surprise, his masterful approach worked. Here they were out on the lake in a red canoe, with Mary Jo lying back against some cushions.

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Even a T-shirt and shorts looked different on Mary Jo, Alan thought. When the other girls were in shorts and sneakers, they were gawky and kiddish, but not Mary Jo. She might have been in the fluffiest of dresses and a picture hat as she reclined there, one arm gracefully stretched out, her fingers dabbling in the water. She was quite a girl.

A canoe passed them at some distance, and Alan noticed that it had the blue-and-silver colors of his camp. He raised his paddle to the man and the boy in greeting, wondering idly who the boy was.

"It can't be Bobby, that's a cinch!" he laughed to himself. Bobby wouldn't be allowed in a canoe; he couldn't pass even the first swimming test. Poor, funny little kid. You felt like wringing his neck, and yet...

"What are the long, deep thoughts?"

"I was thinking—" he began slowly, watching the shining drops of water fall from his paddle into the lake, trying to sort out thoughts none too clear in his mind, "about one of the boys in camp." He turned over all the ideas he'd had about Bobby. That family of his—the new baby—mightn't that be it? Perhaps he was unhappy and jealous about the new baby. He didn't feel important any more—it could be. "He's the doggonedest kid, cranky and uncooperative—"

"Oh, for gosh sake!" she broke in. "Do we have to talk about those kids? Don't you get enough of them?"

They bickered back and forth lazily, enjoying themselves. Bobby was forgotten. After all, when you are out on a lake with a beautiful girl, you have other things to think about besides a nuisance of a kid.

It was a couple of days later that Bobby said, "Alan, can I go fishing?"

Alan looked at him blankly. He had been intent on finishing up his work so that he

could get down to the Place. Mary Jo might be there.

His mind focused slowly on what Bobby was saying. If the kid wanted to go fishing, someone would have to supervise. Who? Alan, of course. And Alan was entitled to some free time in the afternoon. It belonged to him. And there was Mary Jo...

"Right now?" he demanded brusquely. "What have you got to fish with?"

"I bought a pole. I've dug some worms."

There wasn't any pleading in Bobby's voice. It was hard and sulky. Alan looked down at his lowered head, watched him poking a pebble with the toe of his sneaker. And all at once, from that rigid little figure, he knew that Bobby's fishing was more important than anything else, much more important than a possible date with Mary Jo. "I'm running after her too much, anyway." he excused himself. "Teach her a lesson."

"All right, then," he answered casually. "What are we waiting for?"

Bobby gave him one swift, almost unbelieving look, then ran quickly to get the pole before Alan changed his mind.

Together they walked down the hill to the little bridge that crossed a backwater of the lake. As they came to the shore, Alan noticed the hole in the black soil where Bobby had been digging for worms.

"Do you know how to cast?"

"Nope," Bobby answered. "I can learn."

Alan gave him a lesson in casting. Bobby caught the branch of a tree, he caught the weeds along the shore, he tangled his line, but he was learning. And then his foot slipped on the bridge and slithered toward the edge.

There was more than enough space for him to slip under the rail and down into the water. "Hey!" Alan said. "It may be over your head here. Have you passed your



"Oh, nothing. Some boy wanted to take you to a dance."

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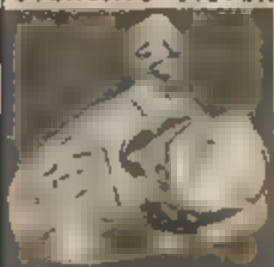
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swimming tests?" He knew he hadn't.

"Not yet," the boy said hurriedly. "I'll do it next week."

"Come on, kid. No more fishing until you're a good swimmer."

Obediently Bobby reeled in the line. That settled it, Alan thought, congratulating himself. The kid wouldn't learn to swim before the end of the summer. The fishing business wouldn't be repeated.

In one way it was too bad. The first thing the kid had wanted to do . . . He expected Bobby to be disappointed and bitter. But he wasn't. He merely learned to swim.

Alan discovered, with Bobby's first efforts at swimming, that the boy had a real fear of the water. Grimly, with a set face, he was trying to overcome it. He followed instructions, but he was scared to death. Alan always felt sorry for the boys who were afraid of the water and gave them extra help. Never had he seen one of them so game, so eager. Bobby gritted his teeth and tried and failed, and tried again.

At last, in spite of all his tenseness, Bobby was striking out—he was swimming! Out of the corner of his eye Alan caught sight of him. "Go on, kid!" he shouted in a frenzy of delight. "Keep at it! You're getting it! Go on!" He edged along the pier as if that would help. He shouted encouragement. It was the biggest thing he'd done all summer, he thought suddenly, teaching this sullen, scared kid to swim.

Bobby wasn't so sullen any more. He was too busy learning to float, to swim under water, to jump off the pier headfirst. He was growing daring. "Get back inside the ropes, you!" Alan had to shout at him more than once.

Then he didn't need to shout at him any more; Bobby had passed his tests and was allowed outside the beginners' lines.

When the first set of swimming prizes was awarded, Alan cooked up an extra one—for the boy who had made the fastest progress. Bobby looked down at the bit of blue ribbon pinned to his jersey. The other boys admired it. He wore it a day or two. Then Alan found it tossed into a corner of the cabin.

"Can I go fishing now?"

What, again? Alan thought he'd forgotten all about the fishing. "Okay," he said cheerfully enough. The kid was entitled to his reward. "You go down to the bridge, and I can keep an eye on you from the cabin while I do some schoolwork." He had a raft of outside reading he hadn't even touched. Chasing after Mary Jo had taken up all his spare time.

And Mary Jo—had she or hadn't she half-promised to meet him this afternoon? Oh, well. If he stood her up, so much the better.

He settled to his reading, now and then lifting his eyes to watch the small figure on the bridge casting, reeling in, casting, reeling in. Bobby didn't seem to be having any luck, but he didn't seem to mind at all. "A real fisherman!" Alan grinned to himself. The boy's absorption was a pleasant thing to watch. He was so evidently happy and at peace with the world.

Next day after lunch Bobby looked at him questioningly, glanced over at the fishing pole. Alan wasn't proof against that silent appeal. "Go on, kid," he told him, half-ashamed at being so soft. "I'll be up here."

But when Bobby wanted to go fishing the



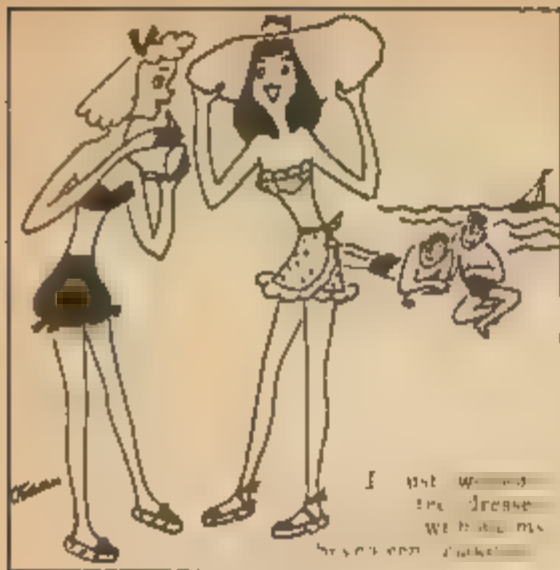
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third day, it looked like the beginning of a habit. "Now, look here, Bobby," he said sternly. "This is my free time. It belongs to me. And besides" he glanced about the cabin—"this cabin is a mess. Look at your end of it. Why should I let you go fishing when you don't do your part?"

He left Bobby standing there and went on an errand. When he returned he found the cabin clean. Bobby's side of it was immaculate; even the other boys' shoes had been neatly lined up and their bedspreads smoothed. "Okay, get your pole," he had to say.

He could hardly keep from laughing. Bobby was so much like a puppy standing patiently with ears cocked, waiting for a kind word, then tearing off at his master's permission.

He wondered how far he could use this lever on Bobby. Next day he tried. "No soft ball this morning, no fishing this afternoon." Obediently Bobby went to play softball. Then, "You haven't written your letter home," and Bobby hauled out a grimy piece of paper and dug at it with a pencil a few times. "Dear mum, I am well. Bobby." It wasn't a letter, but it covered the law, and it was better than nothing.

Alan didn't much care about losing the free hours. He was making great progress in the reading assignments, and besides, he'd had a kind of fight with Mary Jo. He'd been furious with her one evening and had called her a flirt, and he was glad he had. It was the truth, and she knew it, but she hated to be told it. So he was avoiding her. Evenings he'd go to the Place with a bunch of boys, or he'd go to a movie with a whole beachwagon of boys and girls. He was through with Mary Jo.

He began to notice a change in the attitude of the other boys toward Bobby. They teased him some about his fishing, but he answered them so seriously, describing the nobles he'd had and the big one that got away, they began to be interested themselves.

Some of them would save bugs and caterpillars for him to try as bait.

Bobby was now taking an interest in camp craft. He explained to Alan, "You see, Al, if I learn to build a fire and to cook over it, then if I catch a fish I'll know how to cook it."

He didn't catch a fish. Two or three weeks

went by. He lost his bait hundreds of times; the whole bank was dug over for worms. One exciting day he actually lost his hook. The whole camp talked about it, and everyone told him it must have been a ten-pounder. Alan privately thought he'd caught the hook on a root.

Then one evening Alan made up with Mary Jo. He'd gone to the Place early, and there she was sitting alone at one of the tables. It seemed silly not to speak to her, and then he found himself seated beside her, ordering two Cokes, and marveling that he'd forgotten how cute she was. He noticed cute things about her nose, and the soft little curling lock of hair next to her cheek, and the way she moved her hands. Very sweetly she apologized for the fight, as if it had been all her fault. She wasn't a bit flirtatious now.

"Would you go for a ride with me?" he asked suddenly. "If I can borrow a car?"

The ride was something very special. She sat leaning against him with her head on his shoulder so that he could look down on her shining hair. They didn't say much, just drove very slowly and looked at the moon. He knew now that he was crazy about her.

Next afternoon he said abruptly to Bobby, "You can't go fishing today. I've got a date."

Bobby looked at him a full minute before he understood. "Okay, Al," he said and turned away.

As he walked down to the village he couldn't forget the kid's expression. Bobby hadn't any right to be hurt, he told himself savagely. He'd given up all his afternoons, he'd given up a lot more than that—chances to be with Mary Jo, to get to know her well, to get to have the inside track with her. In spite of last night he wasn't too sure of her. Was she as crazy about him as he was about her? If he had only spent more time with her...

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one kid. And that's what it had been, a complete waste of time. All those afternoons when he could have gone canoeing with her, taken her on walks—what had he been doing? Sitting alone in his cabin watching a kid fish?

He reached the Place. Surely she'd be there, although they hadn't said anything the

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night before. She'd know he simply had to see her. He went in and looked about, blinking after the bright light outside. She was seated at a table—with one of the fellows.

His first reaction, of jealousy and anger, he suppressed quickly. She had been waiting for him, and the other boy had come along that was all. He walked up to the table.

"Oh, hello!" she said in a cool voice—not a hint of those soft tones of last night. Her eyes slid past him. "Whatever are you doing here at this hour?" She didn't ask him to sit down. She made him feel—almost—as if he were in the way. He blinked at her. And then she gave a hard little laugh. "I thought you'd be baby-sitting." The boy with her laughed.

"Did you?" he said. Words boiled into his throat. He stood looking at her, then turned and strode out of the Place. All the way home he thought up things he could have told her.

But by the time he reached his cabin he was master of himself again, calm, disillusioned. There sat Bobby trying hard to tie a fish fly. The boy looked up, his frown of attention dissolving into a beaming smile. Alan had to smile back. He crossed the cabin and whacked him on the back. "Go get your pole, kid. You've still got half an hour."

"Yes," said Bobby, and ran for his pole.

And now, unbelievably, Bobby had caught a fish. "Al! Al!" he'd shrieked in his kid's voice, and Alan had raced down the hill to find the fish still hanging out over the water, and Bobby too excited to remember to pull it in.

Alan stood looking at it in Bobby's hand. Cleaned, with its head off, it was hardly six inches of fish. Its flesh was iridescent where the skin had been. One small fish. That's all it was.

Bobby was gazing at it, turning it over and over in his hands. "Gee," he breathed. "I'll have to write Mum and Dad about this." He thought some more and said solemnly, "I'll cook it tonight over the open fire."

Then he looked up at Alan, and there was a world of devotion in his eyes. "I'll give you half of it to eat."

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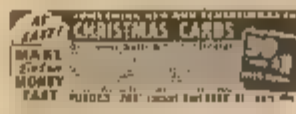
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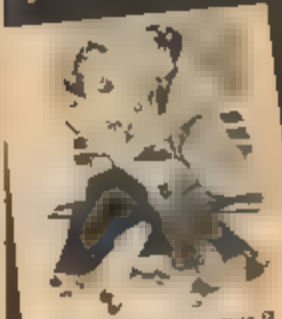
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HOW TO MAKE A

*It's easy — and you'll be proud
to say you made it yourself*
by **MOLLY BREWER**

Fun to make during these vacation days, and even more fun to wear in the back-to-school parade, is a leather pouch shoulder bag. Can you cut, glue, pound, run a lacing through holes punched in leather? Then turning out a good-looking cape-skin bag—pick your color—will be simple, and with what you save by making it yourself, you'll even have some loose change to jingle in it!

Here are the tools you'll need: a one-prong punch (30c); a four-prong punch (80c); an awl (10c); rubber cement (30c); Duco transparent cement (10c); and a cutting knife (50c). It all adds up to only \$2.10.

And the materials: 5½ square feet of cape-skin (\$2.50), 10 yards of narrow lacing (90c), one dozen eyelets about as big as a dime (10c), and two D rings (2c).

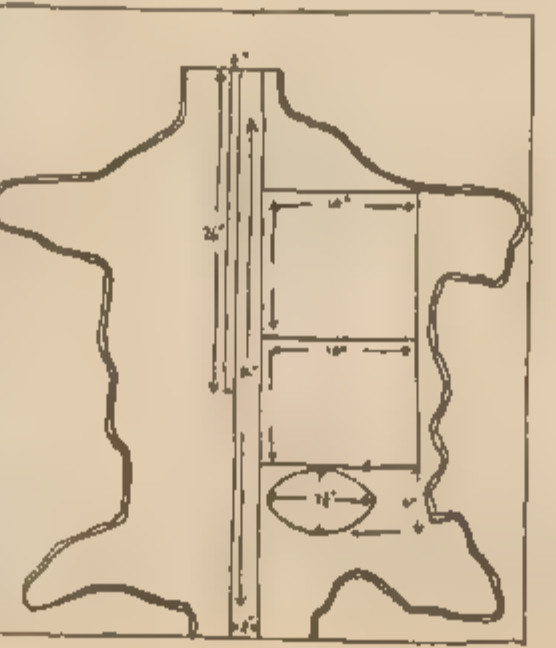
If you find there's no place nearby where you can get leather supplies, you might mail your order to any of these shops.

- Boin Leather Shop
De Hart Street
Morristown, N. J.
- American Handicraft
44 South Harrison Street
East Orange, N. J.
- J. J. Connolly
181 William Street
New York 7, N. Y.

They can supply you with all sorts of leather and tools.

Better read all the instructions for making the bag first; then you'll know just how much is involved. When you've assembled your tools and materials, plus a sturdy bread board or work table to operate on, you're ready to begin.

First, cut your pattern out of paper. Cut two pieces of paper exactly ten inches square,



and one oval piece measuring seven and a quarter and six inches.

Lay these on your skin (leather side up) as shown in the diagram, allowing for a strip of leather two inches by thirty-six which will make the strap and another strip one-inch by twenty-six, which will make the drawstring. (You'll have enough leather over to make a belt to match.)

Be sure your pattern is perfectly true before you cut. Your knife should be razor sharp, and the leather laid on a smooth-surfaced board large enough to accommodate the whole pattern.

All set to cut? Use a ruler, preferably metal-edged, and be sure to hold the blade of the knife close against it. Cut all the way through the leather on the first stroke so you'll get a nice clean edge. The oval can be cut out with a sharp pair of scissors.

When it's all cut out, take the two square pieces, measure down three inches from the top of both pieces and score a line on the leather by pressing on it with your fingernail. Then place 5 rings (which the drawstring will run through) at equal distances on the scored lines on both pieces.

Press down on the leather with the rings, one by one, remove them, and with a pair of sharp scissors cut out the holes you imprinted. Slip the rings into the holes and using a hammer with a rounded end, bang down the edges of the rings so that they are securely fastened in the leather.

Now place your ruler vertically one-eighth inch from the edge of the leather and score a line with your fingernail. Do this at the opposite corner of the piece, and repeat the process on the other piece of leather. The bag will be laced together on these sides.

Turn the two square pieces over and run a little rubber cement along the suede surfaces of both pieces of leather a little farther in than your scored line on the outside. Do this only on the edges that will be laced together. If you get cement where you didn't

SHOULDER STRAP BAG

mean to, don't worry. It will rub off. Let the cement dry and then, carefully lining up the tops and the edges of the leather without letting them touch till you have them perfectly flush, squeeze the two sides together. Now you're all set to punch.

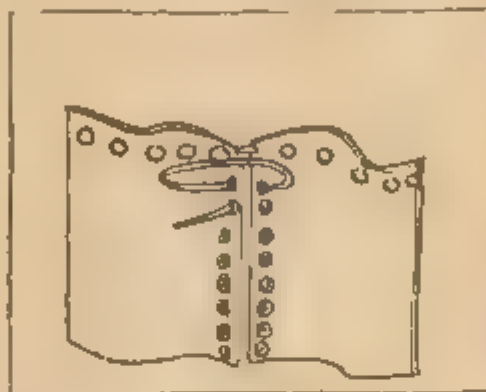
Punching should be done on a board, using the four-prong punch. You'll need a hammer to persuade the prongs to go clear through the leather. Start punching at least a half-inch from the top of the leather, with the punch perpendicular to the leather so it will cut straight through both layers. Before you give the punch the first wallop, check to see that the prongs are on the line you've scored, then give a good healthy bang with the hammer and don't remove the punch till you see that it has gone through both layers. Now put the first prong in the last hole, line the other three up with the scored line, and hang away again, all along the line.

With the sides together and the holes all punched, you're ready to lace. Cut off about twenty-four inches of lacing. You can transform the tip of the lacing into a nice leather needle by tapering the end with a diagonal cut. Squeeze a little Duco on your finger and rub it all over the tapered end of the lacing. When it dries it will make a nice stiff point.

Once you get the thong anchored, lacing is smooth sailing. To fasten it, pull the two pieces of leather apart at the bottom edge, just far enough so that you can push your awl and then the leather "needle" through the upper hole from the under side. Leave at least an inch of lacing there. (You'll find lacing much easier if you use the awl to stretch each of the slits just enough so the

The next move is to wedge the "tail" between the two pieces of leather so that, as you lace, it will be fastened firmly in the niche. Be very careful to have the right side of the lacing out—you'd better run it between your fingers to make sure it's not twisted when you pull the first stitch tight. Hold the two pieces tight together, using the awl to stretch them, and bring the lacing through both layers of leather and out the same hole as the first stitch.

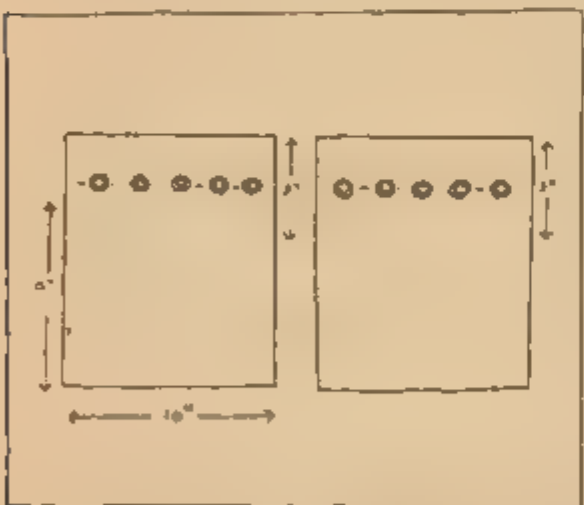
Now the lacing is anchored, and you begin the overcast stitch, working from the bottom to the top. When you've used up all but about two inches of lacing you splice on another piece. To do this you skive (shave down one surface of the leather so that it tapers as neatly as possible) the inside surface of the lacing about an inch and a half. Then cut off another piece of lacing about



twenty-four inches long and skive down its outside surface over a corresponding length. When you overlap them, they should be not much thicker than one thickness of lacing. Put Duco between the two surfaces that come together, pinch them tight—make sure they're stuck right to the tip, especially the tip that will go through the hole first. Splicing is one of the more ticklish parts of leather work, so don't feel discouraged when you look at your not-too-neat overlap. Someone who has never worked with leather won't notice it at all.

After you've laced the sides, put an edge of cement on the suede side of the bottom or oval piece, and also on the bottom inside edge of the laced-together side pieces. Let the cement dry thoroughly, and then, bending the bottom edge of the side pieces out, squeeze them onto the edge of the oval. Punch around the oval with the single punch, and lace.

Then take the strip of leather you cut for the shoulder strap. Fold in both edges so that the cut edges butt against each other on what will be the inside of the strap. Check to see that the strap will loop neatly through the D ring and then coat the entire suede surface with cement. Let it dry and fold the edges in over the entire length. Press the folds hard; you might even apply the hammer, but gently, so you won't mark the leather. And there's the strap! Loop it through the D ring and stitch it with heavy weight thread. Sew a piece of leather to the other end of the D ring, lace this to your bag, take the drawstring strip of leather, run it through the holes, and the bag is done!



lacing will go through without a fight. Leather has considerable resilience so don't be afraid if you made the hole larger than you intended.)

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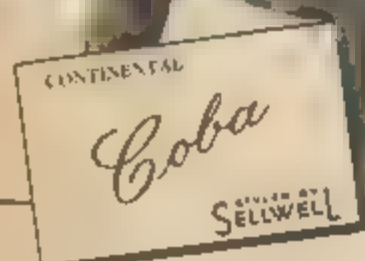
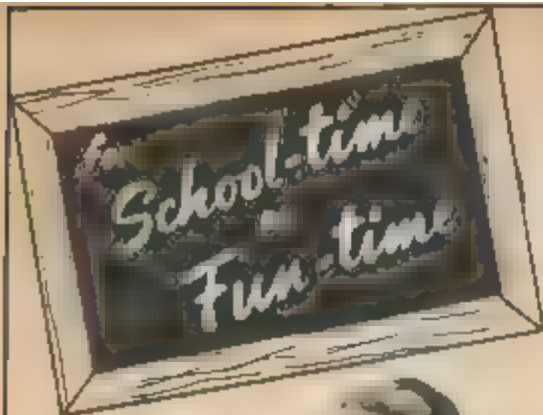
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FROM YOU TO US

(Continued from page 13)

articles that are really useful to teen-agers. Very often they have helped me out of a jam.

M. M. Massey, Md.

EAST MEETS WEST

In India we pay roughly thirty-three cents for C.A.G. and we don't grumble either. We have no magazine of this sort for teen-agers and really appreciate C.A.G. It manages to cover all our interests except sports. It is obvious that we don't play the same games and we'd love some information on how you do it. As for "Record Raters," most of the records are Dutch to us, because we don't hear of them for months but it's rather nice to know for what to be on the lookout. We do not have sororities at all and I don't quite understand why they are so significant. The Y.W.C.A. runs a Junior Club but I think that would be our nearest approach to a sorority.

P. B., Bombay, India

BOYS IN PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Why does everyone make private school boys seem like wolves? I will admit that there are some, but aren't there in all schools, public as well as private? I've read stories in several magazines and decided to come to their defense. I'm writing to your magazine because of its large circulation, not because I'm accusing you. Perhaps it is because most of our crowd, boys and girls

alike, go to private schools. None of us are rich, just middle class like most of your readers. Most of the boys are actually shy, because they go to all-boys schools. As I said, there are some wolves but I think we all know some, regardless of their schools.

M. A., Maplewood, N. J.

PARTY WISE

I enjoyed your article called "How to Kill a Party." It gave me some good tips on the right manners to use. It was not only helpful but it was a game besides. I hope that you will print more articles of this sort.

I. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

REMEMBERING MOTHER

Thank you for writing, "Mother and You." I think the majority of daughters don't consider their mothers quite as much as they should. Even on Mother's Day a lot of my friends' mothers were left to do the dinner dishes so they could make the movies in time for the first show. I think we all take our mothers for granted at one time or another and it's good for us to be given a reminder once in a while.

J. R., Lawrence, Mass.

"Mother and You" was splendid. It will help me to try to live up to the things my mother expects of me. Mother read this article, too, and she thought it was very good.

B. B., Unionville, Ont., Canada

PUZZLERS' POST RHYMING CROSSWORD

(Solution to Rhyming Crossword Puzzle on page 56)

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 Mason City Iowa ... Eaton's
 Matillion, Ohio ... The M. O'Neil Co.
 Meadville Pa. ... The Crawford Store
 *Meridian, Miss. ... Alex. Loeb, Inc.
 Middletown, N. Y. ... Tompkins Dry Goods Co.
 Milwaukee, Wis. ... Ed. Schuster & Co.
 Minneapolis, Minn. ... Powers
 *Minot, N. D. ... Stevenson's
 *Mobile, Ala. ... Harry's Department Store
 Montgomery, Ala. ... The Variety
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 Murfreesboro, Tenn. ... Goldstein's
 Muskegon, Mich. ... Grossman's Dept. Store
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YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE



A novelette by EDNA FERBER

I'm good, thought Dinah. If they'll let me act just once, I can show them . . .

Chapter I

ALL HER LIFE that is, all her professional life—Vivian Lande had been cast in society plays. A consistent enough line of conduct. The Lande family was listed in that weirdly anachronistic volume, the *New York Social Register*. Naturally, Vivian's name had been hastily dropped when she made her first professional appearance. That had been twenty-five years ago. Ironically enough, the Landes, still clinging to the run-down old mansion in East Seventy-fifth, had held their heads above the social waters these past few years in a strange and frightening world only by their connection with the more or less gifted Vivian.

Miss Lande's reputation as an actress had survived the period during which the Lande

money had vanished down the big drain called Wall Street. From her professional niche (now none too secure), she surveyed with considerable hostility the antics of the daughters of New York's first and second families. These, mistaking exhibitionism for talent, went stumbling about the stage in the hope that a Hollywood scout out front, struck by their beauty and histrionic powers, would rush back to woo them with the dotted line.

"They don't want to act or learn to act," Vivian said contemptuously. "They just want to be called actresses. Noisy little brats with their unbrushed hair! They use the stage as a place to exhibit themselves until time for the night clubs to open. I wouldn't be (*Continued on page 90*)



surprised at any performance to see one of them waving from the stage in the middle of a scene and yelling yoo-hoo to a friend in the audience."

The Lande family worshiped this, their slightly tarnished golden calf. In the past quarter century the wealthy little clan, together with its fortunes, had dwindled in such nice proportion that they now balanced one with the other. There remained in the Seventy-fifth Street house only Benjamin Lande, head of the family and brother of Vivian; his daughter, Dinah; and his son, Hapgood (Happy to the family). Mrs. Lande, confronted with what she considered poverty, had elegantly chosen to pine and die rather than do without the services of a personal maid.

On Vivian's first nights you always saw the three of them, burnished and alight with pride and anxiety, seated in the third row center. Benjamin's face was rather wattled and wan above the expanse of fine white linen. Habitually, now, it wore a faint look of bewilderment, ghostly reminder of that October a decade ago when the bottom had dropped out of the twentieth-story offices of Lande, Hapgood, Watkins & Glenn, landing the firm in the basement. Dinah, her hand in her father's, was vivid in one of those \$19.95 evening dresses that only the young size 12 can wear. In contrast, her brother Happy's face was gaunt and somewhat sullen. A man in years and stature, there yet was about him something vaguely incomplete, as though in early youth he had been halted in ambitions and ideals and hopes; and, bewildered, had not known how to go on. Paradoxically, his somber face wore a twisted half smile, as though he suspected that a joke was being played on him, yet hadn't the spirit to resent it.

"My sister, Vivian Lande."

"My aunt Vivian."

"Old Viv."

After the play they crowded eagerly back to the little dressing room that wasn't so feverish now as it

heard these noises—the little friendly or false bleats of congratulations from across the hall, the extravagant adjectives, shabby now from too much use, the ecstatic shrieks of "Jane!" or "Ethel!" With the years the names had changed, that was all. "Talloo! . . . Lynn! . . . Kit! . . . Helen! Divine! Marvelous! Thrilled!"

Still, Vivian's friends rallied backstage, too, on these occasions. Rather surprisingly young men who kissed you on the cheek and used little waving gestures of admiration; women of her own age, looking very well in their good fur coats, though slightly green under the merciless dressing-room lights. These uttered rather two-way compliments. "You never were better, Vivian darling." But the family was there, the Landes were there; you could always be sure of them, admiring, sustaining, but not too possessive. You were wonderful, Viv. You walked away with the play. You stole the show. You simply couldn't see her when you were on. You looked heavenly.

But never stardom. Yet she probably was the best-known and certainly the best-dressed second lead on Broadway. To the layman, the distinction may not be clear. To the professional, it represents the difference between queen and lady-in-waiting. Never once had the billing read:

VIVIAN LANDE

in

Lemon or Cream

It was always:

LEMON OR CREAM

with

Vivian Lande

A whole world of theatrical standing lies between the two prepositions.

Still, she had built up a solid following—if anything can be said to be solid in a medium so ephemeral as the theater. When the curtain rose on all that flowered chintz, the family portrait, the garden backdrop with the vivid green muslin hedge, the audience settled back and relaxed. They knew that sooner or later Vivian Lande would be expertly occupied with the silver sugar tongs. Her "Lemon or cream?" would be uttered with just the right degree of solicitude.

In fact, her roles came to be known as lemon-or-cream parts. The women in the audience waited for her entrance in that dressy suit trimmed with broad bands of expensive fur. They copied the sensational third-act dinner dress into which she must have been poured. They went home and tried to ape the style in which she did her hair, but by the time they had caught the trick Vivian was wearing a new coiffure.

It wasn't that she lacked a degree of talent. Hers was a genuine enough, though by no means a great, acting gift. But she lacked certain essential attributes of the first-rate actress. Vivian was not beautiful or homely or arresting—merely pretty. In her youth the dreadful adjective dainty had been applied to her. Nature had not bestowed on her the big, bold features so necessary to stage success: the wide mouth, the breadth of cheekbone, the eyes set well apart, the challenging line of nose and jaw. Until she was forty, her hair had been a true and shining gold. Even now, at forty-nine, her eyes were that deep, delphinium blue rarely seen except in English county girls and young A. & P. grocery clerks fresh from Ireland.

The men or women stars to whom she was subordinate usually had no single glowing facial attribute. Nature had wisely given them merely hair-color hair, eyes medium brown or blue, skin of no remarkable texture or brilliance. Equipped thus with a neutral



once had been. It wasn't the star dressing room. It never had been. In the comparative quiet of Vivian's little nook you heard a bedlam of jovial sound from the more splendid quarters whose door was marked with the symbolic star. Down the corridor of twenty-five years Vivian Lande, removing her make-up, had

background, these more fortunate ones could limn thereon such characters or colorings as their fancies or their part demanded.

Vivian was in demand, though. No doubt of that—at least, not until recently. She had those jaunty little fur jackets for spring, those lavish fur wraps for winter. Her own bright, luxurious little apartment in the East Sixties, with the wood-burning fireplace and the soft-spoken, light-colored maid and the pots of blooming jonquils and hyacinths and tulips in February. Managers instructed their secretaries: "Let me know the minute Miss Lande comes in. I'm expecting her at three."

At five minutes after three she would be ushered past whole rows of the unrarried who had been waiting patient hours in the outer office as is the brutal custom of the theater. Unconsciously she set herself as for a stage entrance as she hesitated a moment before the door marked Private. Then there were little glad cries of "Bernie darling! How are you? How brown you are! Did you have a good crossing? I've read the play—it's divine, though my part is a weensy bit thin, don't you think?"

Bernie would say laconically, "Hello, Vivian, you're looking good. Sit down." They then would begin to haggle grimly about salary. For years it had been the best possible for her type of part. Three fat figures made it up, and it had even swelled to four on one or two occasions. Yet there was no denying that she had remained merely a sort of back wall against which the star, male or female, bounced all the effective dialogue. The autograph hounds rarely followed her in full bay as she emerged from the stage door. Usually she was permitted to pass by unscathed and privately chagrined, while the ravenous young faces waited for him or her to emerge.

Then the world began to take on a grim aspect indeed, and the smaller sphere of the theater did likewise. Vivian, between plays, did a bit part in a picture or two, but they seemed to lose interest after that. The whole structure of the theater began to wobble and crack. The Bernies of Broadway began to take the Super-Chief to Hollywood with greater and greater frequency, and then they began to take planes back to New York fewer and fewer times and for shorter periods. Looking very sunburned and babbling of golf, they spent forty-eight hours in their New York offices and, pressed for plans, spoke vaguely of next season if business picks up.

"It's the plays," Vivian stormed. "Who wants to spend time and money listening to plays about the Soil, or the Bronx or War or God! And who plays in them! Kids who couldn't have got jobs as ushers in my"—she had almost said day—"in my opinion."

Chapter II

IT WAS EARLY in this phase, before it really had taken on menacing proportions, that Dinah Lande had announced one day to her aunt, "I'm going to be an actress, Aunt Vivian."

"Are you, dear?" Vivian said with amused tolerance, as one who listens to the prattle of a charming infant. She took it merely as a compliment to herself; the flattery of would-be imitation. "Duse or Bernhardt?" She expected Dinah to say, "You."

Dinah said, "Neither. They're as dated as last year's hat. If they were to try to come back to the stage today nobody'd—"

"Oh, wouldn't they! A lot you know about it. They were magnificent! They were superb! They were divine!"

Dinah Lande twisted her hair (shoulder-length bob) into a little washerwoman knot and then let it untwist itself as though released by a spring, which was a way she had when intense.

"They chewed scenery. I heard a Bernhardt *Camille* record on the phonograph. It was terrible. She couldn't get a job in stock."

Vivian Lande now sat up in bed and stopped patting cold cream under her eyes. Dinah, in slacks, was perched in the bright bedroom window seat. It was two o'clock of a nonmatinee day and Vivian was having her breakfast in bed. All her young life Dinah had loved being at Vivian's apartment. Life there seemed so exciting, so enchantingly different from the prosaic stuffiness of the Lande house. At Vivian's, telegrams were always arriving; her friends seemed never to use the mails, they always telegraphed, even for the most trivial things. Masses of flowers; great white pasteboard boxes from whose tissue-paper cocoons there emerged dream dresses bearing the names of New York's most stonyhearted dressmakers.

The telephone rang and rang, though Vivian's was an unlisted number. "I'd love to, but I'm hav-

ing supper with Lennie, he sails tomorrow. . . . We go into rehearsal on the eighth. . . . No, I never dine out on matinee days, but how about next Friday if you don't mind eating early? . . . A perfectly thrilling hat, yet it doesn't look important. I hate important hats. . . . We had just a cozy little bottle of champagne to celebrate, though the stuff simply poisons me. . . . If we close in July I'll hop the first boat for Europe. . . ."

This had been going on for years—until recently. Dinah loved to fetch and carry for Aunt Vivian; to touch the bottles and jars on her dressing table, so sweet-smelling and pink and exotic. Foam baths. Dollar soap. She never saw Vivian when she wasn't scented and curled and lovely in the chiffon and satin of nightgown and negligee or smart and slim in street clothes and furs. Perhaps Dinah never really saw this woman as she was today. She still regarded her with the dazzled eyes of the child of fifteen years ago. So, happily, she had thought of Aunt Vivian as a fabulous person who somehow happened to be her father's sister; and the apartment was to her a place of pure enchantment. Happily she carried trays, fetched books, arranged flowers, wrote notes, walked the dachshund, answered the telephone, "This is Miss Lande's secretary, I'll see if she's in," with a smothered giggle of delight.

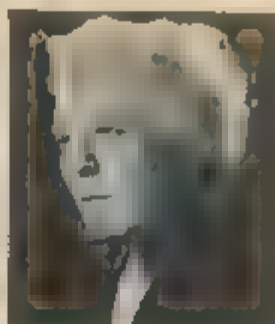
Vivian accepted this worship as her due. She was an 91

ABOUT EDNA FERBER

It was the graduating essay that 17-year-old Edna Ferber wrote in her Appleton, Wisconsin, high school that started her on a literary career. So impressed with it was the editor of the *Appleton Daily Crescent* that he gave her a reporting job at the handsome salary of \$3.00 a week. In 1909 a female reporter was considered something of an oddity in Appleton, hardly less so in Milwaukee where she took a job on the *Journal* a year later.

After covering police courts, interviewing "just about all the kinds of people that the human race can produce" and working for a city editor whose loud demands for conciseness taught his reporters "to search their very innards for the single right word that would contain the meaning of ten words," it was natural that Edna Ferber should turn to writing fiction.

From her busy pen have poured since those rough-and-tumble newspaper days the short stories, novels (you're missing a treat if you don't read the prize-winning *So Big*) and plays that have made her one of America's best beloved and most popular writers. The keen interest Miss Ferber takes in the theater is reflected in such plays about the stage as *The Royal Family* and *Stage Door*, in stories like *Mother Knows Best* and the moving *You're Not the Type* in this issue. Her autobiography, *A Peculiar Treasure* gives a vivid picture of an author's life



actress; she was entitled to special hours, special food, special attention, special consideration. There was about her nothing unkind or mean. She simply revolved around herself. She was generous when it cost her no sacrifice; fond but not affectionate: "You may have it, pet. It isn't becoming to me, anyway, I'll try to get you two seats if I think of it, but I've got so much on my mind."

And now, suddenly, the adoring slave had turned critic. Unreasonably enough, Vivian Lande sensed that a criticism of Duse and Bernhardt implied a criticism of herself. "Well, my gifted niece," she now said, with a little laugh that would have surprised her usual audience, "if you knew anything about the theater, except what you've seen on your side of the footlights, I might be more impressed with your contempt for the greatest actresses of our day."

Dinah looked out across the rooftops to where the park glinted emerald and sapphire in the autumn sun. Then she turned her face toward the woman in the bed; and it was no longer the face of a worshipping child. Suddenly, as she turned her eyes from park to pillow, she was nineteen, purposeful, adult.

"Not my day. If any student of acting today tried to pull those tremolo stops to get an effect, Schatzy would bawl the bejinks out of her."

"Schatzy?"

Dinah stood up, and with an unconscious gesture of preparedness for flight, reached for her somewhat shabby fur coat (a Vivian castoff). "Last week I enrolled with the Modern Stage School."

Vivian sank back among her pillows, a little angry flush showing beneath the film of cold cream. "Going to school to learn to be an actress! Ha!"

"Your precious Bernhardt did it. And if she found it tough going when she tried to make the Conservatoire, I just wish she could go up against Schatzy at the Modern School. That vocal stuff wouldn't get her by. One girl tried it in the auditions, and Schatzy said, 'You've come to the wrong school, haven't you, young lady? They teach singing at Carnegie.'"

"They accepted you, of course. My niece. Though why you should want to be an actress—I should think one actress in the family would be enough. Of course it's flattering to me, darling—uh—you're a kind of grown-up niece for an actress to have——"

"I didn't do it to flatter anybody. I didn't do it for any reason except that I want to learn the technique of acting in order to be a really good actress. And—don't be cross, ducky—I didn't tell them you're my aunt. I wanted to get by on my own, see? If Bernhardt's life motto was '*Quand même*,' mine is 'Don't do me no favors.' I registered under the name of Dina Ladd, and that's the name you're going to see in big lights someday, my fine-feathered friend. I hope you don't mind my wanting to be an actress, Viv darling. Good-by. I've got to run; I've got a class. I'll have to kiss just the tip of your nose—all that cold cream."

"Class! In those slacks! On the street!" Which wasn't what she meant.

"Coat covers most of it. We get pretty acrobatic. No pretties."

The front door slammed.

Vivian Lande lay very still—one might almost say rigid—except that the lace on her bosom rose and fell, rose and fell with her rapid breathing. Suddenly, with an almost violent gesture, she flung aside the covers and, barefooted, crossed to her dressing table. She did not sit down. Instead, she pushed aside the chair and, leaning on both hands, peered at her reflection in the mirror, close, close. With one hand she reached for the container of face tissues. She wiped the film of grease from her eyes and mouth and forehead, still

staring. The little fine lines around the eyes, around the mouth; that queer little canal that had hollowed its way under her chin and down her throat.

"No!" shouted Vivian Lande to the staring woman, the frightened, staring woman. "No! No! No!"

"You call me, Miss Vivian?" said a soft voice from the doorway. Essie came briskly into the room, and immediately her eyes, her mouth, her hands registered shocked solicitude. "You running around in your bare feet catching your death!" She caught a glimpse of the stricken face. "What happen, Miss Vivian? You sick?"

"No, I'm not sick, don't be silly. . . . Essie, she says



she's going to be an actress. Dinah." Resentment, jealousy, fear were in the voice, were stamped on her face.

With the magic intuition of a race born to suffering the brown girl understood. She laughed. It was a superb imitation of mirth. "Land, everybody says they going to be an actress. Look at me! I was going to be an actress; nothing would do, I was born to act. But I never did. That's how come I'm maid for Miss Vivian Lande, the famous Broadway star. It was the nearest to acting I could get. Same way with Miss Dinah. Next thing Mr. Benjamin, he say he's going to be a actor. That's because we wish we was you, see? Now, how'd you like I give you a tonic rub, make you smell like a garden and feel like one of those drunk debs."

Chapter III

BUT BEFORE long there was no Essie. In her place was a slattern by the day who nipped Vivian's precious imported perfume and who seemed to have the same mysterious attraction for stockings and handkerchiefs that a magnet has for steel filings. There were no hyacinths and jonquils scenting the apartment out of season. There were no little new jaunty fur jackets. There were no society plays in which to say lemon-or-cream. There was, in Vivian Lande's opinion, no society, for that matter. She was bitter about it.

"The newspapers used to have snapshots of the homeless sitting on benches in Madison Square. Remember? Bleary-eyed. I suppose the papers stopped thinking that was picturesque when unemployment came in. Now they have the new homeless. Café

society! They sit on benches, too. In night clubs. They're just as bleary as the old-time burns but not as interesting."

No society plays; no society playwrights. Vivian thought playwrights should look like Lonsdale and Clyde Fitch and Noel Coward. But these new boys—the strange lads who wrote about mill hands and the Bronx—were bewildering, incredible, outrageous, in Vivian's estimation. Hatless, sockless, bone-rimmed, often unshaven; their talk terse, their written dialogue sanguinary—their very presence in a producer's office seemed to her to constitute an affront to the theater.

And they didn't want Vivian Lande in their plays. Some of them had never heard of her. The type of play she always had graced they regarded as a joke; or as dim and unimportant history. "Oh, that. Yeh, I've heard of it. But I didn't see it. That was before my time; that was way back in 1929, wasn't it?"

Vivian couldn't be cast for a factory hand, a tenement dweller, a Comrade, a Dust Bowl victim. Nobody sent her playscripts now; producers did not instruct their secretaries to notify them of Miss Lande's arrival. Her talent was not pungent enough for character parts. She battled. She kept her figure through sheer heroism, for, paradoxically enough, these lean times made her plumper. Massage is costly and dieting even costlier, when the regimen is lamb chops, steak, pineapple, lobster, chicken. I'll have to watch myself, she thought. I mustn't look middle-aged. I mustn't act middle-aged. She had got into the habit of humming with the orchestra when they played Victor Herbert airs, and she knew all the words of "Absinthe Frappé" and the *Merry Widow* choruses.

She had no play that season; then there was nothing in the early spring and, with the approach of hot weather, not even a few weeks in summer stock. In the autumn she let her charming apartment, furnished, and spent four disastrous weeks on the road, touring with the second company of *Give Me a Ring*. They closed in Cincinnati Christmas week. Back in New York, she found herself jobless and homeless.

Benjamin Lande said, "Come on and live at the house with us, Viv. We're all busted together. There's plenty of room. You can have the whole third floor, and Dinah'll move upstairs, won't you, Di?"

"Pleasure," said Dinah a shade grimly. "And if I'm missing some morning you'll find me buried under the plaster that's fallen down on my bed during the night."

The Lande house reflected clearly and definitely the Lande family fortunes. Though they had not been rich as money was accounted in the Arabian Nights of New York's postwar period, they had been among the affluent in a city and day bursting with luxury. The house in Seventy-fifth was one of a block of fine substantial residences standing shoulder to shoulder in international amity—Georgian, French, Colonial, Tudor, Italian Renaissance. Richly curtained against the gaze of passers-by; polished brass, glistening doorstep, shining paint, speckless windows. But now, up and down the street, you saw discreet signs like fingers mutely pointing toward a strange new world: *SALB OR RENT. Inquire Picket & Reese*. One of these protruded from the Lande doorway in the vain hope of catching the eye of the roving new-rich.

The basement delivery-and-service entrance that had known the haughty tread of butlers and had seen processions of tenderloins, crowns of lamb, cases of good red Burgundy, long pasteboard boxes stamped with Fifth Avenue names, now wore a sign even more significant than the one above stairs. It was a neat blue-and-white enameled sign: *DR. HOPNER. WALK IN*. The basement had been let as a physician's office. The kitchen had been moved upstairs.

It is the minutiae that achieve significance in a general cataclysm. Perhaps the item of the daily newspapers would serve as well as anything to illustrate the depths to which the Lande family economies had fallen. A newspaper it was that caused the first emotional upset between Vivian Lande and her erstwhile adoring niece, Dinah.

In the good old days of wanton waste there had been an imposing stack of newspapers delivered daily, morning and evening, to the house in Seventy-fifth. Benjamin Lande had gulped at least two newspapers with his breakfast and had carried them down to Wall Street for further digestion. Martin, the chauffeur, waiting in the car at the curb, had his tabloid. In the servants' quarters there were the dailies stuffed with murders, recipes, advice to the lovelorn and love-nest bits. A French paper for Mad'moiselle, a Swedish one for the upstairs maid. Mrs. Lande had had her paper with her breakfast tray, in bed.

On Sundays the bulky printed sheets were stacked like cordwood in the hall, awaiting the family's awakening. The market; society; sports; the theater; scandal; crime; politics; shops; clothes. Each according to his or her interests. Altogether, if one added the whole thing up at the end of the year (which no one dreamed of doing), quite a nice little forest of trees must have perished to provide that five minutes of newspaper perusal, morning and evening, for the Lande family.

One newspaper was delivered now, and like the loaves and fishes it was multiplied magically and made to do for all. Benjamin Lande devoured the first-page headlines, said, "Good God, what next!" and took the market report downtown with him, having neatly dissected it from the whole. Happy took the sports page. Dinah's eye flew to the theatrical news. Benjamin Lande thriftily read his afternoon papers at the Bridge Club to which he had cannily taken a life membership in the old days.

Aunt Vivian's third-floor apartment in the Lande house had immediately taken on an atmosphere of careless richness and gaiety at variance with the decayed splendor of the rest of the house. Unable to let her own apartment again, she had brought with her such pieces as she wanted, and stored the rest. Her own bed, her own satin coverlet, her lacy pillows foaming over the chaise longue; chintz; silver or pickled-wood photograph frames out of which dramatic and rather improbable faces stared at you from behind an embroidery of scrawled inscriptions, couched in terms of extravagant endearment. *To darling Viv, ever devotedly, Bruce. To the most wonderful actress in the world, from her adoring Mimsie*. The dates were somewhere in the twenties, and the faces, though familiar, were more youthful than you had last remembered seeing them.

In all her professional life Vivian had never had her breakfast out of bed except for those few grisly weeks in Hollywood when she had been obliged to report, red-eyed and haggard, at the studio at what she considered the crack of dawn. The household staff, a broken reed now, consisted only of a general cook and housemaid, with a woman-by-the-day two days a week. Benjamin Lande, his face more drawn than usual, had said to his daughter, "Sorry, baby, but we'll have to choose between the second housemaid and the house. It's all I can do to scrape together the taxes. Nobody'll buy this white elephant, and nobody wants to rent it these days."

"Pooh!" said Dinah. "I'll make the beds. Besides, we're all gone all day, from breakfast to dinner. Second maid me eye!"

That first morning after she was settled in, Vivian 93

rang the bell for breakfast. It was eleven o'clock. She waited, lying there, wondering if she ought to ring up that agent at eleven-thirty or wait for him to call her. He had said that he would telephone yesterday, but he hadn't. Her change of address and the new telephone number. That was it. She had given both to him, but some stupid secretary had probably forgotten and called the old apartment number. Better call him after breakfast.

She rang again for breakfast, holding a rather vicious thumb on the button. She got up, brushed her teeth, stared at herself in the mirror, shivered a little in the drafty old house, being accustomed to the hot-house temperature of a modern flat. She popped back into bed and drew the covers up to her chin. No answer. No scent of coffee pricking the nostrils deliciously. No sound except a kind of thump-thump from below. She rang a third time. Then, furious, she wrapped a quilted satin robe about her, slipped into mules, and clumped rather heavily down one flight of stairs, two.

"Dinah! Hello! Where's everybody?" She peered into the darkish dining room that had been the library in a previous existence. A vague mound on the floor in one corner now took on human semblance and revealed itself at the same time as the source of the thumpings. The woman-by-the-day was doing the dining-room floor.

Blue satin stared at calico and raveled sweater. "Why don't you answer the bell!"

"What bell? I ain't heard no bell."

"My bedroom bell. I rang for breakfast."

"Oh, that bell up there. It don't ring. They don't none of them ring up there, them upstairs bells."

"Tell what's-her-name—the cook—I want my breakfast. Coffee, melba toast; and I always have hot water and the juice of half a lemon first. Tell her to bring that up before the tray."

"She ain't here."

"Who ain—isn't?"

"Annie. She's went over to Third to do her marketing."

"This is fantastic. I never heard of such a—Dinah! Dinah!"

The bundle stood up, wiping her hands on herself. "She ain't here neither; she's to her school, mornings. Nobody ain't here, only me. I'll get you your coffee, or would you rather go down and fix it yourself the way you want it, mella, or what you called it."

Vivian stood a moment, a blue satin statue, frozen thus. "I'll do it. . . . Where's the morning paper?"

The bundle glanced down to where she had been kneeling. She stooped and picked up a few damp sheets, taking pains to shuffle and fold them into a semblance of neatness as she thrust them toward Vivian's shrinking hand. Vivian took them gingerly. The early risers had neatly disemboweled it of all the news sheets. Vivian's disdainful gaze was rewarded by the want ads, the shipping news, the real-estate transfers, and the obituaries. She flung it down in disgust, burst into tears that shocked even herself by their hysterical suddenness, and ran from the room, up the stairs, into the realms of her own ghostly luxuriousness.

Chapter IV

THERE WAS quite a scene that evening. Dinah arranged things after that, privately. "Look, Annie darling, bring her her breakfast, won't you, like an angel? Please. She's used to it, and she's not well, and sort of sad and old—not really old, but not so young, I mean. And when I'm a great successful actress I won't forget it; I'll send you seats to all my



first nights, and a diamond-studded cigarette case, and pork and cabbage that you love so, every day."

"Yeh, successful actress like her." Annie had her sardonic side.

"No." Dinah's young face was stern. "No, not like her."

For though she had had no encouragement at all, other than the rare and cryptic grunts that might have been approval or disapproval from the insatiable Schatzinow, head of the Modern Stage School; and though she was finishing her second and final year there with the knowledge that the theater appeared to be dying of malnutrition; and though the face that looked back at her from the mirror was far remote from the conventional pattern of beauty—in spite of all these, she knew. She knew she was good; she knew that her voice and her timing sense and her flexible body were natural stage equipment for which most beginners had to work years. Good face bones, too, and features bold enough to register across the footlights; a deep emotional feeling for the theater. She had few illusions about it and a firm belief in its importance, not only as a career and an art, but as an institution of civilized society.

When Dinah talked in these terms Aunt Vivian said, "You sound like the Madam Chairman of the Passaic Drama Study Luncheon Club."

Vivian Lande's tongue was tipped with acid these days. She seemed definitely to have made her choice between lemon and cream.

The household began almost imperceptibly to be regulated for Vivian's comfort. She slept in a little zone sacred to quiet. Sh! Aunt Vivian's sleeping! Do be quiet and stop slamming doors, Happy! Aunt Vivian's resting.

Happy Lande, moving about the house like a sardonic ghost, would raise a quizzical eyebrow. "The Bide-a-Wee Home for Broken-Down and Budding Actresses. Attendants will please leave their shoes outside and talk in whispers. . . . Resting! . . . Not on me, she ain't."

Benjamin Lande or Dinah would chide him. "Shame on you. You know she's having a tough break just now."

"Too bad, too bad. Nothing but fun and fuss and feathers for about fifty years, and now she's having

a tough break. You won't think it unmanly will you, if I break down and sob like a child?"

Vivian certainly did demand a good deal of attention. Dinah, before and after school hours, whirled like a top in order to make Aunt Vivian comfortable. Dinah, call up Lederer, will you, and ask him if he got that script of Behrman's new play? There must be something in it for me. Dinah, take my blue to the cleaner's and tell him I've simply got to have it back by Wednesday. It's the only decent rag I've got. Tell Annie not to put butter on my toast; if I've told her once I've told her a million times. Drop by the Shubert box office, will you, and get those two matinee seats for me—they've promised me the house seats. Bring me a jar of Caress Cold Cream on your way home tonight; the drugstore at Seventy-sixth and Madison has it.

Slowly Dinah, the worshipful, the adoring, saw Aunt Vivian go to bits and pieces before her eyes. She never before had seen her when she wasn't made up. Now the woman forever resting in the somewhat tumbled bed seemed surprisingly haggard and ochreous. Later in the day she spent hours at her dressing table. In the evening she would emerge dressed for a party or for an important first night looking radiant, her skin unlined and softly blooming, her eyes lustrous. But after midnight the skillfully erected structure began to crumble. It was as though a bad fairy had waved a wand. A weary middle-aged woman stared out from behind the pink-and-white mask.

Vivian almost never asked Dinah to accompany her on these theater evenings or late supper parties. She gave her reason to the unreproachful Dinah, imparting at the same time some advice that she considered sage.

"Don't go around with women, evenings. It's bad publicity for an actress. It dates her and makes her seem unpopular and frumpy. Better stay home with a book and cold cream on your face than be seen at first nights with girl friends."

Vivian usually procured the theater tickets through the management or the star. Her escort was likely to be a very young man in faultless evening clothes minus small change for taxi fare.

Dinah Lande (Dina Ladd on the program) graduated from the Modern Stage School. Vivian, Benjamin Lande, and even the morose Happy attended the exercises at the Lyceum Theater. Dinah's face, high-cheekboned, arresting, seemed to stand out from the rest.

"Say, Viv," Benjamin whispered, nudging his sister, "is the kid kind of more attractive than the rest—stands out, I mean—or do I just think so because I'm her father?"

"She is." It was wrung from her.

How young she is, Aunt Vivian thought. How young they all look! Oh, God, how young they are!

So now there were two actresses in the house in Seventy-fifth, one with a slipping reputation, one with no reputation to lose. Every morning, like a stenographer or a clerk or a housemaid out of work, Dina Ladd went job hunting. Ignoring wars, rumors of war, civilization's threatened destruction, and all such minor matters, she turned straight to the newspaper's theatrical news, combing it for possible jobs. Berg's going to produce that Barry play. Sherwood's casting. Kaufman's writing a new one. Almost always she wrote these names and addresses in a notebook for the day's future reference. But once or twice, in her eagerness, she forgot and marked the column itself, tearing it out and tucking it into her purse.

"Where's the theatrical page? Somebody's torn out

the theater news!" Vivian's outraged voice.

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry. I forgot. Look, I'll run down to the corner and get you another."

"Really! After all, Dinah, I happen to be the one who's the actress in this family, not you. I think perhaps you'd better get your first job before you put on this act as an actress."

Dinah, the young, the strong, the hopeful, took this in good part. "I can't just tramp onto a stage and begin to recite. They say, 'What have you played in?' and I say, 'Nothing.' And they say, 'Come back when you've had experience.' And I say, 'I can't have stage experience if you won't let me act.' And that's the way it goes, merry and carefree as a lark, all the livelong day."

Vivian, propped up among her pillows, would survey her young niece, armed for the fray. "Do you mean to say that you're going job hunting in those clothes!"

"Soitiny. Shoes, stockings, dress—I've even got a hat on! What's wrong with 'em?"

"You look as if you were dressed for a barn dance."

Dinah and all this new lot of young actors certainly were casual about clothes. They seemed dressed for the campus rather than Broadway. From office to office they tramped, they compared notes, they fought office boys and ice-locked secretaries and indifferent agents. Sometimes Dinah, goaded to fury, would try a thrust with that sharp tongue of hers, inherited doubtless from her aunt. "Look," she might say to a manager who was ruder than usual, "you don't object to my wanting to act in your play, do you?"

"You're kind of sassy like your aunt, ain't you?"

"What aunt?"

"Your aunt's Vivian Lande, isn't she? What's she doing? I haven't seen her for years."

"She's—uh—she's resting just now."

"Uh-huh."

They lunched on milk and a sandwich at the Penn Drugstore; they sat around at a Ralph's; they were frank, matter-of-fact, terribly in earnest, debunked about everything but the theater.

If Dinah was shabby, Vivian was not. It was, of course, unthinkable for her to hunt openly for a job, even though jobless. But she contrived and schemed to lunch where managers were lunching; she said to the playwrights encountered at cocktail parties or after-theater suppers, "Drop round and have a cocktail Friday at my house. I'm living in ye olde manse in Seventy-fifth, you know, to help out the fading family fortunes. But I'm going back to my own apartment in the spring. Friday?"

"Uh—Friday—Friday—there's something— Oh, yes, I've promised to go up to Boston to take a look at Oscar's show; the last act is sort of sick."

"Monday?"

"Guild meeting Monday at five. I'm one of the directors, God help me."

"I hope you're writing a part for me in your new play, dee-rie. You know—a Vivian Lande part, with lots of wonderful lines and good meaty situations."

His eye would begin to rove wildly about the room. "Well—ah—this is a kind of serious play, though it sounds silly of me to say so. There are only two women's parts: a young girl and a woman of about thirty, she—"

"But that's just my dish—thirty."

"Mmm—no. You're not the type, Vivian. Sorry. There's Kay calling me. She wants to go, I guess. Excuse me. . . ."

Her furs were good, her clothes well cut, her hats—you can't do much about last season's hat, and the 95

cheap ready-made ones looked tacky on her, she said. Even at the professional discount, the new hats cost twenty-five dollars each.

Chapter V

SOMETIMES when she came home at night there would be a great babble of talk and laughter from the big high-ceilinged drawing room. Dinah was having a party. The refreshments for those parties were likely to be rather sketchy but the kids seemed to find nothing lacking. They talked in little rapt groups; they sat on the floor, heads close together, and there were bursts of laughter. They stood up and acted for dear life. Their talk was of the theater, the theater, the theater.

In the old days, when she was sixteen, seventeen, Dinah had said, "This is my aunt, Vivian Lande." Her friends would blush and stammer, impressed. They had seen her at matinees; this gracious, scented, other-world divinity actually was Dinah's aunt.

Now, when she strolled into the room to meet Dinah's funny little friends, a sort of pall seemed to fall upon the gathering. They all scrambled to their feet and said, "How do you do, Miss Lande?" very respectfully, but they seemed vague about her plays and one or two dreadful little upstarts hadn't even known who she was. Dinah had introduced one grubby-looking boy as a playwright—he had written one of those PWA things. This boy actually had called her Miss Ladd. Dan Korah, like something out of the Old Testament, that was his name.

Furious, she rather took it out on Dinah, later. "Why, if you think you want to be an actress, don't you try to make some contacts that will do you some good! You do go around with the queerest people. That dreadful little Bronx number you had here last night. Don't tell me that's a playwright. He looks as if he couldn't write his name."

"He can, though. There are public schools up in the Bronx, too, you'd be surprised. He can write his name, all right, and before long you'll see it up in lights or my name isn't Dina Ladd—or isn't it!"

She almost never became impatient with the embittered older woman. It was as though, young as she was, the girl sensed the tragedy of prestige and assurance lost. In the past months she had got into the habit of taking charge of Vivian's breakfast tray herself, carrying it up to her before going out on the hunt for a job. Annie had rebelled at the work and the stairs. Perhaps in the aging actress Dinah saw something of her own road ahead. But this she rejected in thought. I'll never be like that. That was the phony theater. They acted off as well as on. Maybe that's the way, though. Maybe I'm too everydayish to be an actress. No, that's a lie. I'm good. I'm good! If they'll only let me act just once so I can show them.

Then, by a miracle, she actually got a walk-on part and understudy in a bleak little folk play that lasted three weeks. She hadn't a chance in it, but the family went to the opening, Vivian very dressy entering with the two men and saying very gaily between the acts, "My little niece is in this, it's her first appearance, she's only a babe, stage-struck." But it was queer, sitting there in the audience, watching for Dinah's appearance, when for years it had been the other way around. It gave her a sinking in the pit of her stomach.

Dinah was in heaven for those three weeks; she was working, she was a member of Equity, she was an actress though she didn't utter a line and never had a chance to play as understudy. She came home rather late at night now, for there usually was a bite some-

where and a little talk after the performance. The first two weeks, though, she dragged herself awake for Vivian's breakfast tray. Then, on Tuesday of the third week of the play's run, Vivian awoke, rang (her bell had been mended), and there was no answer. She called. It was almost eleven. Annie was out marketing, no doubt. She'd rather not eat than get her own breakfast. There was something about facing a kitchen before you'd had your coffee—well, she couldn't, that was all there was to it.

"Dinah!" There was no answer. She wrapped her robe about her and made swift though somewhat heavy ascent to the floor above.

Dinah lay asleep in the shabby top-floor room with the peeling wallpaper and the crazily cracked plaster. Her head was half cradled in one upflung arm, her long lashes rested on her cheeks, and there were shadows where they rested. Fathoms deep in sleep, she looked young, old, spent, fresh, tragic, comic, ugly, lovely; disarmed by sleep, revealed by sleep, she looked—Vivian groped for the elusive resemblance—something she had once read—Maurice Baring's description of a great actress: "She had received from nature the gift of wearied and melancholy dignity." That was it. Dinah, lying there asleep, looked what she was—an actress.

Something inside Vivian Lande stirred for the first time, and turned over and came feebly to life. She leaned forward and, with an age-old gesture, folded a corner of the blanket over the bare arm on the pillow. Then she crept as softly as might be down the creaking stairs.

She went to the kitchen, heated a cup of coffee that had been fresh for Benjamin and Happy Lande at eight o'clock. She drank it standing. It was the first time she had entered the kitchen in the weeks of her residence in the house. She looked about her with considerable distaste. Annie was the type of houseworker whose breakfast dishes stand unwashed until lunchtime. Egg yolk, congealed; coffee dregs; bits of toast; orange skins. This was what Dinah wrestled with daily. Vivian's breakfast tray, brought up two flights of stairs by Dinah, had always been fresh, tempting. Poor kid, poor little kid.

She saw the tray standing, upended, in a corner of the pantry shelf. She'd bring up Dinah's breakfast for a change. The idea gave her a warm feeling; a little surge of well-being permeated her. She began to search for a fresh cup and saucer and plate; she would carry it up herself and surprise her.

As she pattered about the grubby kitchen in her mules and her quilted satin robe she thought a shade grimly, middle age isn't making me mellow, is it!

Chapter VI

THE TELEPHONE rang. For Vivian and Dinah the telephone had become an instrument of hope and of torture. Their voices, when they answered its summons, were dramatic and vibrant and pitched for an entrance line.

Now Vivian dropped the bread knife and sprinted for the hall with the most amazing agility. She made it just before Dinah, in her nightgown, seemed to pour herself down the second flight of stairs. Dinah leaned over the stair rail now, hugging her thin shoulders in the drafty old hall. She whispered, making the facial contortions so maddening to the one who is engaged at the telephone. Is it for me? her lips and eyes said. Is it for me?

But Vivian Lande did not hear her, did not see her; her eyes were fixed on a vision of unseen bliss. "Yes, this is Miss Lande. . . . Oh, yes, Miss Rosen. . . . Oh,



"I'm wonderful, thank you. . . . Yes, I've missed you, too." Her mouth was wreathed in the set smile of social insincerity; she was being polite to the secretary and wishing she'd get down to business or drop dead or something. Now she listened breathlessly, the amenities finished. She spoke then, her voice velvet. "I think I can make it, Miss Rosen. Will you tell dear Mr. Outlander? I had another engagement but I'll rearrange it and come down. Of course it was naughty of him not to send me the script first. Oh, well—I'll run in. I think I can make it by twelve."

She hung up. For a fraction of a second she stared, starry-eyed, at Dinah. Then she gathered her robe about her and pounded up the stairs, trailing a comet of ecstatic words behind her. "It's Bernie. . . . Bernie's back from the Coast. . . . He's got a play he's crazy about. . . . He's going to do it right away. . . . The author wants me for the girl. . . ."

At the foot of the stairs where she stood looking after her sprightly aunt, Dinah repeated the words, and her voice sounded hollow and ghostly, like that of a person calling from the bottom of a well. "For the girl!"

Aunt Vivian's voice, lilting, trilled down to her. "Thank heaven it's cold enough for my short fur cape and fur hat. Oh, Dinah, I smell the coffee—I left it on the gas stove, it's boiling over; I was going to bring up your tray, wasn't that sweet of me, and when the phone rang I forgot——"

Stockings sheer. Girdle snug. Make-up careful, not too much eye shadow. Pull in your stomach. Throw up your head, your chin isn't—well, maybe it isn't as clear a line as it used to be, but it certainly doesn't sag. I must get a massage course next week and have one a day, with the Scotch hose afterward, to get really slimmed down.

As she peered into the mirror for a last searching look at the completed picture, Dinah stuck her head in at the door. She had a terry-cloth bathrobe over her shoulders; she was holding a half-empty coffee cup in her hand.

"You look lovely, Aunt Viv. Uh—are you sure you want to wear that fur jacket—I mean, it's stunning, but those bulky jackets are kind of thickening. Why

don't you wear the suit with just your sable scarf knotted——"

"Please don't tell me how to dress for a manager's office."

"I didn't mean—I just thought— Did you say it was for the part of the girl, Aunt Viv?"

"Certainly the girl. Why not!" She turned to go. Something stricken in Dinah's face made her pause a moment. "Maybe there's something in it for you, pet. I'll speak to Bernie." She was off down the stairs.

The telephone rang. Let it ring. It couldn't taunt her now. She heard Dinah's high young voice answering it as she held up a finger for the taxi across the way. In the taxi she took out her compact and again surveyed the face whose every feature she had searched in her bedroom mirror only a moment ago. The girl. Certainly she could make up for it. A pinkish make-up, perhaps. But why not?

There at last was Bernie's dear familiar office, with the hopeful unknowns waiting in the outer room. Miss Rosen jumped up as she entered.

"Oh, Miss Lande, I'm so sorry, I——"

"That's quite all right, Miss Rosen. I don't really mind coming down, I had a luncheon engagement anyway." Vivian brushed her aside; she made straight for the door of the private office; she even tapped a little tattoo gaily before she opened it. "Hello, Bernie darling, how are you? How brown you are! Was it fun in Hollywood? You bad boy deserting us like that for months and months."

"Hello, Vivian, you're looking—uh—you're looking good." He shuffled the papers on his desk; he looked very strange. He coughed; he waved a hand toward a young man who had risen as Vivian entered. His back was toward the window; she had scarcely noticed him. He came forward now; and to her near-sighted eyes he seemed vaguely familiar. He, too, seemed embarrassed. A dreadful premonition seized Vivian.

"Aren't you the young man from the Br—the young man who is a friend of my niece, Dina Ladd?"

Bernie Outlander tried to wed the two with a gesture of introduction. "Vivian, meet Dan Korah; he's the author of this play. Dan, my boy, this is a great lady of the stage. I've known her work for—well, never mind—only Miss Rosen, here, she certainly mixed things up. You'll laugh when I tell you, Vivian."

"Will I?" Her tone made this promise seem improbable. This boy, this nobody, lounging at home in Bernie Outlander's office. He had no place in her world of the theater. She turned away from him; she confined her attention to her professional equal, Bernie Outlander. "Do you mean that the play Miss Rosen spoke about on the telephone was written by this young man?"

Miss Rosen, who had been hovering agitatedly in the vicinity of the door, now uttered a little squawk of dismay, and fled.

"Look at her!" shouted Bernie. "That old hen. Makes a monkey out of me and embarrasses that young fella there, a talented kid, and brings a great actress like you, Vivian, down here practically in the middle of the morning when you ought to be getting your beauty sleep——"

Vivian Lande opened her furs at the throat and drew herself up with a slow uncoiling rhythm like that of a cobra preparing to strike. When she spoke her voice had none of the lilting, dulcet tones of the actress bent on charming the producer. "What are you trying to tell me, Bernie Outlander? Because if it's what I think it is——"

"Now, Vivian—now, let me explain. Did I know you had a grown-up niece, a young girl like you, let 97

alone she's on the stage? I've been away from Broadway a year—anyway, the name was the same, Lande. Now he says it isn't Lande; it's Ladd. I wouldn't have this happen for the world, my girl . . ."

His voice trailed off into nothingness as the door opened quietly; one could just glimpse Miss Rosen peering with beseeching eyes over the shoulder of the tall, slim and casually clothed figure of Dinah Lande. The girl had on a tweed skirt and a sweater under a gnawed-looking camel's-hair coat that Vivian recognized as belonging to her nephew Happy. No hat. No make-up. Her hair was electric with life, her face was luminous with emotion, her voice was vibrant with feeling, her body was flexible with unstudied gestures; she made Vivian Lande seem a museum piece.

"Oh, Aunt Viv, I'm so sorry! I ran out to catch you after I'd answered the phone, but you'd gone." She turned to the older man. "I'm Dina Ladd, Mr. Outlander." She looked toward the boy. "Hello, Dan." He moved near to her so that they stood together, the



two young people, brave beginners in a world from whose grim realities the older two seemed to shrink in sallow dismay.

"See what I mean, Mr. Outlander?" said the boy. "She could walk on as she is, in the part. And wait till you hear her in the scene where she tells her mother what she—Here, Dinah, read this, from here where she gives her mother the works—it's the big speech—Wait, maybe you don't want to jump right into it—start back a little and sneak up on it." He glanced swiftly around the room with the eye of the instinctively stage-wise; he snatched another dogeared manuscript from Bernie's desk. "Look, Miss

Lande, will you read the mother part so that Dinah can play against you? This mother's always been jealous of the girl, see, and she resents her; she's one of those old belles who won't give in." He thrust the typed page into her hands; his finger pointed to the first line of the chosen speech.

Vivian's eyes blazed at him; her lips drew back from her teeth. "Why, you little—" She felt herself choking.

"That's it, that's great! Go on!" said the boy.

She stared at Dinah, and Dinah's eyes, understanding, beseeching, looked back at her. Vivian Lande looked down at the page that blurred and swam and then cleared. "Why, you little—" read the first three words of the speech.

Bernie Outlander had not been a half century in the theater for nothing. His stubby hand patted her befurred shoulder; his kindly gargoyle face was full of wisdom. "Go on, Vivian, be a sport; help give the kid a chance, just read the mother part against the girl here, will you, Viv?"

"Why, yes," said Vivian Lande. "Yes, of course." Suddenly she stopped pretending. She stopped pretending to be younger than she was and more beautiful than she was, and as she stood there with the manuscript in her hand, she experienced a feeling of relief, of lightness and of freedom; and her voice, as she plunged into the first speech, took a note of human emotion and reality that never had sounded in her lemon-or-cream days.

"... you don't know what it is to feel young inside and to look at yourself in the glass and see this raddled stranger looking back at you—It's like the old woman in the Mother Goose rhyme; you say, 'Can this be I!'"

Dinah's voice taking the next speech: "'You've had your life. It isn't my fault if you haven't made the most of it. You can't have mine too.'"

It was good theater. Not only that, it was a superb first reading. On to the end of the scene.

"Hi!" exclaimed the boy as they finished. His tone was jubilant.

Bernie Outlander nodded sagely. "Yes, she's got something. A little amateurish maybe, still; but with the right direction she can make it."

Dan Korah waved this aside brusquely. "Oh, you mean Dinah. I knew she'd be all right. But Miss Lande here! For the mother part! She's perfect!"

"Me!" shouted Vivian Lande. "You mean me—in a mother part!"

Dinah came forward swiftly. "You were wonderful, Aunt Viv. And you helped me so. It's the star part, really, the mother."

Vivian reached for the chair beside her and sat down abruptly; her legs seemed suddenly to lack bone and muscle. "Well, I—Perhaps it would be rather amusing to try it just for a change. I—I might make up for it—the mother part. If it's a terribly good part I might make up for it."

"Sure," said Bernie Outlander, his voice kindly, reassuring. "Sure, Vivian. You could make up for it."

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YOUR CHECKED DARLING — You'll love this crisp, neat looking checked cotton darling. Just feel how its MAGIC DIRNDL waistline with 12 rows of elastic hugs and slims your waist. See the full, billowing skirt, outlined with felt ric-rac and colorful flowers — all washable. Admire the Peter Pan collar of expensive white pique — with the felt ric-rac treatment it makes a neckline so becoming to you. High-count cotton gives you complete satisfaction in washing. Black, brown, or red checks. Misses' sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Junior sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. **Only 3.98**

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STATE FLOWERS Rose, blue, green, slate or tan, with flowers in gay contrast. Chosen by Phyllis Bergquist of Northwestern and Birgit Soane of Bates College, who model easy-to-make college fashions in Bates sophisticated poplin.



The case of the dreary dorm...

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Ann Gestie, University of Michigan wears Tic-Tac-Tommies styled by Harry Berger in Bates all-combed Sanforized broadcloth.

